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Pro-Slavery.

*UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.**

TWENTY thousand copies of this book, according to its title-page, are circulating among the American people, but three times as many thousand more have probably issued from the American press since the title-page was written. According to the *Boston Traveller*, the author has already received from her publishers the sum of "$10,300 as her copyright premium on three months' sales of the work—we believe the largest sum of money ever received by any author, either American or European, from the sales of a single work in so short a period of time." *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is at every railway book-stall in England, and in every third traveller's hand. The book is a decided hit. It takes its place with "Pickwick," with Louis Napoleon, with the mendicant who suddenly discovers himself heir to £20,000 a year, and, in fact, with every man whose good fortune it has been to fall asleep Nobody, and to awake in the morning an institution in the land. It is impossible not to feel respect for *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

The object of the work is revealed in the pictorial frontispiece. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is an Abolitionist, and her book is a vehement and unrestrained argument in favour of her creed. She does not preach a sermon, for men are accustomed to nap and nod under the pulpit; she does not indite a philosophical discourse, for philosophy is exacting, is solicitous for truth, and scorns exaggeration. Nor does the lady condescend to survey her intricate subject in the capacity of a judge, for the judicial seat is fixed high above human passion, and she is in no temper to mount it. With the instinct of her sex, the clever authoress takes the short road to her purpose, and strikes at the convictions of her readers by assailing their hearts. She cannot hold the scales of justice with a steady hand, but she has learnt to perfection the craft of the advocate. *Euclid*, she well knows, is no child for effecting social revolutions, but an impassioned song may set a world in conflagration. Who shall deny to a true woman the use of her true weapons? We are content to warn the unsuspecting reader of their actual presence!

Perhaps there is, after all, but one method of carrying on a crusade, and that unscrupulous fighting is the rightful warfare of the crusader. Mrs. Stowe, having made up her mind that Slavery is an abomination in the sight of God and man, thinks of nothing but the annihilation of the pernicious system. From the first page of her narrative to the last, this idea is paramount in her mind, and colours all her drawing. That she will secure proselytes we take for granted; for it is in the nature of enthusiasm to inoculate with passionate zeal the strong-hearted as well as the feeble-minded. That she will convince the world of the purity of her own motives and of the hatefulness of the sin she denounces, is equally clear; but that she will help in the slightest degree towards the removal of the gigantic evil that afflicts her soul, is a point upon which we may express the greatest doubt; nay, is a matter upon which, unfortunately, we have very little doubt at all, inasmuch as we are certain that the very readiest way to rivet the fetters of Slavery in these critical times, is to direct against all slaveholders in America the opprobrium and indignation which such works as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* are sure to excite.

It is scarcely necessary to give in this place and in detail the plot of Mrs. Stowe's striking production; for striking and meritorious it undoubtedly is. The lady has great skill in the delineation of character; her hand is vigorous and firm, her mastery over human feeling is unquestionable, and her humorous efforts are unimpeachable. We know of no book in which the negro character finds such successful interpretation, and appears so life-like and so fresh. The scenes in which the negroes are represented at their domestic labours, or conversing with each other, reveal a familiar acquaintance with negro life, and capacity for displaying it that cannot be mistaken. The slang of "Ethiopian serenaders" for once gives place to thoughts and language racy of the soil, and we need not say how refreshing it is to be separated for a season from the conventional Sambo of the modern stage. But even as an artist, Mrs. Stowe is not faultless. She exhibits but ordinary ability in the construction of her story. Her narrative is rather a succession of detached scenes than a compact, well-joined whole; and many of the scenes are tedious from their similarity and repetition. The reader is interested in the fate of two heroes, but their streams of adventure never blend. The scene closes upon Uncle Tom to open upon George Harris, and its closes upon George Harris to open upon Uncle Tom—a style well understood at the Adelphi Theatre, where the *facetiæ* of Wright must duly relieve the *diablerie* of O. Smith—but certainly not yet recognised in the classic realms of art.

Uncle Tom is the slave of Mr. Shelby, the proprietor of a certain estate in Kentucky, which has fallen into disorder in consequence of the speculative habits of its owner, who, at the opening of the tale, is forced to part not only with Uncle Tom, but with a young quadroon woman named Eliza, the servant of Mrs. Shelby, and the wife of George Harris, a slave upon a neighbouring estate. Uncle Tom is carried off Mr. Shelby's estate by the new purchaser, one Mr. Haly; but Eliza, dreading separation from her husband and her subsequent fate, takes flight with her child, and is ultimately joined to her mate on the free soil of Canada. The two volumes of which the book is made up are occupied, as we have hinted, with the adventures of Uncle Tom and George Harris, until the former dies a Christian martyr, and the latter becomes a model liberator in the black republic of Liberia.

Uncle Tom is a paragon of virtue. He is more than mortal in his powers of endurance, in his devotion, in his self-denial, in his Christian profession and practice, and in his abhorrence of spirituous liquors. When Mr. Haly, in his turn, sold Tom to a new master, the good-natured owner informed his new acquisition that he would make him "coachy" on condition that he would not get drunk more than once a week, unless in cases of emergency, whereupon "Tom looked surprised and rather hurt, and said, 'I never drink, Mas'r.'" This may be taken as a key-note to the tune Tom is eternally playing for our edification and moral improvement. He always "looks surprised and rather hurt" on such occasions. He is described as a fine, powerful negro, walking through the world with a Bible in his hands, and virtuous indignation on his lips, both ready to be called into requisition on the slightest provocation, in season and out of season, at work or at play, by your leave or without it, in sorrow or in joy, for the benefit of his superiors or for the castigation of his equals. A prominent fault of this production is indicated in these facts. In her very eagerness to accomplish her amiable intention, Mrs. Stowe ludicrously stumbles and falls very far short of her object. She should surely have contented herself with proving the infamy of the slave system, and not been tempted to establish the superiority of the African nature over that of the Anglo-Saxon and of every other known race. We have read some novels in our time, and occupied not a few precious hours in the proceedings of their heroines and heroes; but we can scarcely remember ever to have encountered either gentle knight or gentler dame to whom we could not easily have brought home the imputation of human frailty. The mark of the first fall has been there, though the hues might be of the faintest.

Now, if Adam, before his decline, had been a black, as some ethnologists still insist, he could not possibly have been more thoroughly without flaw than Uncle Tom. In him the said mark is eradicated once and for ever. He represents in his person the only well-authenticated instance we know, in modern times, of that laudable principle, in virtue of which a man presents his left cheek to be smitten, after his first has been slapped. The more you "larrup" Uncle Tom, the more he blesses you; the greater his bodily agony, the more intense becomes his spiritual delight. The more he ought to complain, the more he doesn't; the less he has cause for taking a pleasant view of life and human dealings, the less he finds reason to repine; and his particular sentiments are all to match. Tom has reason to believe that Mr. Shelby will not wish him "good-bye" before he starts off for the South with Mr. Haly. "That ar hurt me more than sellin, it did." Tom's wife is heartbroken at his departure, and naturally reproaches Mr. Shelby for turning him into money. Tom, always superior to human nature, tenderly rebukes her. "I'll tell ye, Chloe, it goes agin me to hear one word agin Mas'r. Wasn't he put in my arms a baby? It's natur I should think a heap of him." Tom "had every facility and temptation to dishonesty," but his "simplicity of nature was impregnable," and he was never known to make a mistake in his life, although "trusted to an unlimited extent by a careless master, who handed him a bill without looking at it, and pocketed the change without counting it." What have we been doing all these years, during which, at great cost of time, labour, and money, we have despatched missionary after missionary to the heathen, but neglected needful labours at home in order to effect works of supererogation abroad? Before we export another white enthusiast from Exeter Hall, let us import a dozen or two of blacks to teach Exeter Hall its most obvious Christian duties. If Mrs. Stowe's portraiture is correct, and if Uncle Tom is a type of a class, we deliberately assert that we have nothing more to communicate to the negro, but everything to learn from his profession and practice. No wonder that Tom works miracles by his example. Such sudden conversions from brutality to humility, from glaring infidelity to the most childlike belief, as are presented to our admiration in these volumes, have never been wrought on earth since the days of the Apostles. One of the best sketches in the book is that of a little black imp, by name Topsy, who loves lying for the sake of lying, who is more mischievous than a monkey, and in all respects as ignorant; yet she has hardly had time to remove from her soul the rubbish accumulated there from her birth, and to prepare her mind for the reception of the most practical truths, before—without any sufficient reason—"a ray of real belief, a ray of heavenly love, penetrates the darkness of her heathen soul," and enables her in due time to accept the responsible appointment of missionary to a station in Africa.

"Uncle Tom not only converts by his arguments Mr. St. Clare, his master in New Orleans, who is a gentleman, a scholar, a philosopher, and as shrewd a hand in a discussion as you are ever likely to encounter, but positively redeems in a moment from utter savageness and the lowest degradation, wretches in whom the sense of feeling is extinct, and from whom we have been taught, until Tom took them in hand, to recoil in horror. It is no respect for religion that we feel when Tom, beaten almost to death by his owner, is visited by a poor woman, who offers him water to relieve his mortal pains, but who is quietly informed by the sufferer that a chapter from the Bible is better than drink. Well-fed and comfortably-housed hypocrisy is apt to deliver itself of such utterances, but certainly not true piety, in its hours of anguish and physical extremity. A quadroon slave, called Cassy, is introduced to the reader under the most painful circumstances. Her career has been one of compelled vice until her spirit has finally acquired a wild and positively fiendish character. You read the authoress' vivid descriptions, you note the creature's conduct, and you are convinced that it will take years to restore human tenderness to that bruised soul, to say nothing of belief in Heaven and its solemn and mysterious promises. But you err! In an instant, and most miraculously, "the long winter of despair, the ice of years gives way, and the dark, despairing woman weeps and prays." She, too, "yields at once, and with her whole soul, to every good influence, and becomes a devout and tender Christian."

This monstrous instance is outdone by another. Sambo and Quimbo are two black rascals, who have been trained "in savageness and brutality as systematically as bull dogs, and, by long practice in hardness and cruelty, have brought their whole nature to about the same range of capacities." When we first behold them, we are told to mark "their coarse, dark, heavy features; their great eyes, rolling enviously on each other; their barbarous, guttural, half-brute intonation; their dilapidated garments fluttering in the wind," and to remember the apt illustration before us "of the fact that brutal men are lower even than animals." So long as these worthies are on the scene, their actions correspond exactly with their appearance, and with the account given of their canine bringing up; they go on from bad to worse, and at the worst, when their restitution to humanity seems utterly and for ever hopeless, then it is that Tom "pours forth a few energetic sentences of that wondrous One—his life, his death, his everlasting presence and power to save"—that "they weep—both the two savage men"—that Tom cries to Heaven to give him two more souls, and that the prayer is immediately and satisfactorily answered by their happy and most astounding conversion. Surely there is something more real and substantial in Mrs. Stowe's volumes to account for their extraordinary popularity than such absolute and audacious trash. It would be blasphemy to believe in such revelations, and common sense and a feeling of what is due to our better nature will surely prevent all but the veriest fanatics from accepting as truth such exaggerated and unholy fanatics.

An error, almost as fatal as the one adverted to, is committed by our authoress in the pains she takes to paint her negroes, mulattoes, and quadroons in the very whitest white, while she is equally careful to disfigure her whites with the very blackest black. The worst negroes are ultimately taken to Heaven, but few of the fair coloured are warranted, living or dying, without blemish. The case of Slavery is submitted in this work, it is true, to the reader's enlightened attention, but before his judgment can calmly set itself to work, his sympathies are thoroughly secured by a lady who takes good care not to let them loose again. The very first scene of the book introduces us to an offensive dealer in slaves, and to a slave-proprietor without feeling, and both are bargaining for the disposal of slaves who, in personal appearance and in their worst attainments, are not to be surpassed on either side of the Atlantic. What becomes of the judgment under such an ordeal, if the intellect be weak and the heart be strong? We are not ignorant of the mode in which great morals are enforced at our minor theatres, and of the means there taken to impress the imagination and to instruct the intellect by help of the domestic melodrama.

A villain on the Surrey side of the water is a villain indeed, and a persecuted heroine is persecuted beyond endurance in any other place. It is very easy to educe startling lessons from a dramatic work, as it is easy enough for an artist to delineate fear by painting a man with staring eyes, open mouth, and hair on end. Truth, however, demands more delicate dealing, and art that would interpret truth must watch the harmonies of nature, which charms not by great "effects," but by her blended symmetry and grace, by her logical and unforced developments. Did we know nothing of the subject treated by Mrs. Stowe, we confess that we should hesitate before accepting much of her coin as sterling metal. Her quadroon girl is all too like the applauded slave of the Victoria. "The rich, full, dark eye, with its long lashes—the ripples of silky black hair, the delicately-formed hand and trim foot and ancle, the dress of the neatest possible fit, which sets off to advantage her finely-moulded shape, the peculiar air of refinement, the softness of voice and manner," are insisted on with a pertinacity which we look for in vain when we come face to face with the less fortunately-endowed specimens of the Anglo-Saxon race. Her husband, George, a mulatto, being rather blacker than herself, is painted, according to rule, in still brighter colours. He is "possessed of a handsome person and pleasing manners," is "a general favourite in the factory" where he works, "his adroitness and ingenuity cause him to be considered the first hand in the place," and he has "invented a machine for the cleaning of hemp, which displays quite as much mechanical genius as Whitney's cotton-gin." During his flight to Canada, George disguises himself. Being informed of the circumstance, we are introduced to a hotel in Kentucky. "It was late in a drizzly afternoon that a traveller alighted at the door. He was very tall, with a dark Spanish complexion, fine expressive black eyes, and close curling hair, also of a glossy blackness. His well-formed aquiline nose, straight thin lips, and the admirable contour of his finely-formed limbs, impressed the whole company instantly with the idea of something uncommon." Who can the distinguished stranger be but M. Lemaitre or Mr. Wallack, representing for our approval and delight George Harris the runaway mulatto? If we have any doubt, it is removed at once when we are told that the said George being addressed by a stranger at the hotel "stood up like a rock and put out his hand with the air of a prince," just as we have seen Lemaitre do it as *Le Docteur Noire*. An indifferent advocate may make one of two mistakes. He may understate his client's case, or he may overstate it. Able as she is, Mrs. Stowe has committed the latter fault, and will suffer in the minds of the judicious from the female effect. With so good a cause, it is a pity that her zeal should have outrun discretion.

The gravest fault of the book has, however, to be mentioned. Its object is to abolish Slavery, its effect will be to render Slavery more difficult than ever of abolishment. Its very popularity constitutes its greatest difficulty. It will keep ill-blood at boiling point, and irritate instead of pacifying those whose proceedings Mrs. Stowe is anxious to influence on behalf of humanity. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was not required to convince the haters of Slavery of the abomination of the "institution;" of all books, it is the least calculated to weigh with those whose prejudices in favour of Slavery have yet to be overcome, and whose interests are involved in the perpetuation of the system. If Slavery is to cease in America, and if the people of the United States, who fought and bled for their liberty and nobly won it, are to remove the disgrace that attaches to them for forging chains for others which they will not tolerate on their own limbs, the work of enfranchisement must be a movement, not forced upon slaveowners, but voluntarily undertaken, accepted and carried out by the whole community. There is no federal law which can compel the slave States to resign the "property" which they hold. The States of the South are as free to maintain Slavery as are the States of the North to rid themselves of the scandal. Let the attempt be made imperiously and violently to dictate to the South, and from that hour the Union is at an end. We are aware that to the mind of the "philanthropist" the alternative brings no alarm, but to the rational thinkers, to the statesman, and to all men interested in the world's progress, the disruption of the bond that holds the American States together is fraught with calamity, with which the present evil of Slavery—a system destined, sooner or later, to fall to pieces under the weight of public opinion and its own infamy—bears no sensible comparison.

The writer of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and similar well-disposed authors, have yet to learn, that to excite the passions of their readers in favour of their philanthropic schemes, is the very worst mode of getting rid of a difficulty which, whoever may be to blame for its existence, is part and parcel of the whole social organization of a large portion of the States, and cannot be forcibly removed without instant anarchy, and all its accompanying mischief.

Would Mrs. Stowe have liberty proclaimed throughout the States at the present moment? For her own sake, and for the sake of her countrymen, we hope not. We do not believe that the blacks in America are prepared for sudden emancipation; and if they are, we are certain that the whites are wholly incapable of appreciating the blessing. Sir Charles Lyell, in his *Second Visit to the United States of North America*, very properly remarks, that the fanaticism of Abolitionists constitutes one difficulty in the way of emancipation, the prejudices of perpetuatists another, but that the jealousy of an unscrupulous democracy is a far more terrible obstacle than either. In the same spirit, the writer of a remarkable article in the *North American Review*, last year, observed, that "the whites need to go through a training for freedom scarcely less than the blacks, the master being as much fettered to one end of the chain as the slave to the other." All impartial witnesses speak to the same effect.

Mr. Featherstonhaugh, no lover of Slavery, who passed years in the United States, declares that Slavery is a positive blessing to every negro who would receive nothing but liberty from his owner. For, in truth, what is liberty worth to the possessor if it be accompanied with social degradation of the worst description? The manumitted slaves of Jamaica are in the sight of the law, in the estimation of their fellows, and in the eye of God, equals with those whose actual "property" they were the other day. Importance no longer attaches to complexion in that Island. The white and coloured people intermarry, coloured people hold responsible offices, and are received as guests at the Governor's table. An American who visited Jamaica in 1850 states that:

"At the Surrey assizes, where Sir Joshua Rowe presided, two coloured lawyers were sitting at the barrister's table, and of the jury all but three were coloured. Seven-tenths of the whole police force of the island, amounting to about 800 men, were estimated to be coloured. In the Legislative Assembly, composed of from 48 to 50 members, 10 or a dozen were coloured; and the public printers of the Legislature, who were also editors of the leading government paper, were both coloured men."

Compare this salutary state of things with the certain doom of the negro suddenly emancipated by his American master! The democratic horror of black blood in the United States knows no bounds. Sir Charles Lyell has a pathetic account of a young girl he met on board a steamer in America, and who was rudely summoned from the dinner-table because—though free as himself—she had presumed—having one streak of negro blood in her otherwise unsullied veins—to sit at the same board with a party of pure whites. He had previously been shocked by remarking that no coloured man, slave or freeman, how far soever removed from the negro stock, however respectable his appearance, however cultivated his mind, was allowed to take his meals while the very meanest white on board had yet to satisfy his hunger. What avail the pathetic appeals, the painful incidents, the passionate denunciations with which *Uncle Tom's Cabin* abounds in the teeth of such facts as these? Let it be borne in mind that this instinctive and openly proclaimed physical disgust and abhorrence of the negro race is not peculiar to the South, but is even more strongly evident in the North; that it is no offensive characteristic of the slave-owner, but is a vice equally rampant in the self-satisfied and complacent soul of the agitating Abolitionist. Blacks are not stocks or stones; we know them to be capable of high civilization, and to be susceptible of the noblest emotions. Improved public opinion all over the world is doing much for them, and education and religion are doing still more. They are not unconscious of their social inferiority in Republican America, for they are hourly made to feel it.

Imagine them liberated to-morrow in those portions of the United States where they outnumber the whites, and where they would only have to raise their liberated hands in order to strike down the traditional enemies of their race, their once tyrannical owners, their always contemptuous social superiors. Hate begets hate, and a war of races secures the rapid deterioration and décline of all the combatants. We may well shrink before rashly inviting so bloody and disastrous a conflict.

And be it stated to the credit of the slave-owners of the South, that they are fully alive to the danger of the portentous struggle, and have of late years shown no indisposition to help in their own emancipation as well as in that of the slave, provided they can only escape the dire catastrophe we speak of. It is certain that a large class of slave-owners in the South are most desirous to relieve the soil of the stain and inconvenience of Slavery, if the tremendous step can be taken with safety to all parties concerned in the act of liberation. The efforts made in the South to improve the condition of the slave show at least that humanity is not dead in the bosoms of the proprietors. Mrs. Stowe has certainly not done justice to this branch of the subject. Horrors in connection with Slavery—itself a horror—unquestionably exist; but all accounts—save her own, and those of writers actuated by her extreme views—concur in describing the general condition of the southern slave as one of comparative happiness and comfort, such as many a free man in the united kingdom might regard with envy. One authority on this point is too important to be overlooked.

In the year 1842 a Scotch weaver, named William Thomson, travelled through the Southern States. He supported himself on his way by manual labour; he mixed with the humblest classes, black and white, and on his return home he published an account of his journeyings. He had quitted Scotland a sworn hater of slave proprietors, but he confessed that experience had modified his views on this subject to a considerable degree. He had witnessed Slavery in most of the slaveholding States, he had lived for weeks among negroes in cotton plantations, and he asserted that he had never beheld one-fifth of the real suffering that he had seen among the labouring poor in England. Nay more, he declared:

"That the members of the same family of negroes are not so much scattered as are those of working men in Scotland, whose necessities compel them to separate at an age when the American slave is running about gathering health and strength."

Ten years have not increased the hardships of the southern slave. During that period colonisation has come to his relief—education has, legally or illegally, found its way to his cabin, and Christianity has added spiritual consolations to his allowed, admitted physical enjoyments. It has been justly said that to those men of the South who have done their best for the negro under the institution of Slavery must we look for any great effort in favour of emancipation, and they who are best acquainted with the progress of events in those parts declare that at this moment "there are powerful and irresistible influences at work in a large part of the slave States tending towards the abolition of Slavery within these boundaries."

We can well believe it. The world is working its way towards liberty, and the blacks will not be left behind in the onward march. Since the adoption of the American constitution, seven States have voluntarily abolished Slavery. When that constitution was proclaimed, there was scarcely a free black in the country. According to the last census, the free blacks amount to 418,173, and of these 233,691 are blacks of the South, liberated by their owners, and not by the force of law. We cannot shut our eyes to these facts. Neither can we deny that, desirable as negro emancipation may be in the United States, abolition must be the result of growth, not of revolution, must be patiently wrought out by means of the American constitution, and not in bitter spite of it. America cannot, for any time, resist the enlightened spirit of our age, and it is manifestly her interest to adapt her institutions to its temper. That she will eventually do so if she be not a divided household—if the South be not goaded to illiberality by the North—if public writers deal with the matter in the spirit of conciliation, justice, charity, and truth, we will not permit ourselves to doubt. That she is alive to the necessities of the age is manifest from the circumstance that, for the last four years, she has been busy in preparing the way for emancipation by a method that has not failed in older countries to remove national troubles almost as intolerable as that of Slavery itself. We have learnt to believe that the old world is to be saved and renewed by means of emigration. Who shall say that the new world—in visible danger from the presence of a dark inheritance bequeathed to it by Europe—shall not be rescued by the same providential means? The negro colony of Liberia, established by the United States, extends along the western coast of Africa, a distance of more than 500 miles. The civilized black population amounts to 8,000 souls. The heathen population is over 200,000. The soil of the colony is fertile, its exports daily increasing, it has already entered into diplomatic relations with Great Britain and France. A government is established which might have been framed by the whitest skins; 2,000 communicants are in connection with its churches; 1,500 children attend its Sabbath schools. Education has become—would that it were so here—a national obligation, and the work of instruction and conversion is carried on by educated negroes among their brethren, who cannot fail to appreciate the service and to accept the blessing. The refuge afforded by Liberia for the gradual reception of the manumitted and civilized slaves of the United States, we hold to be the most promising element in the question, upon the tranquil settlement of which the happiness and political existence of the United States depend. It will enable America to save herself and to achieve a work far nobler than that of winning her own political independence. The civilization of Africa hangs largely upon her wisdom. A quarter of the world may be Christianized by the act which enables America to perform the first of Christian duties. We have said that the process of liberation is going on, and that we are convinced the South, in its own interests, will not be laggard in the labour. Liberia, and similar spots on the earth's surface, proffer aid to the South, which cannot be rejected with safety. That the aid may be accepted with alacrity and good heart, let us have no more *Uncle Tom's Cabins* engendering ill will, keeping up bad blood, and rendering well-disposed, humane, but critically placed men their own enemies and the stumbling blocks to civilization, and to the spread of glad tidings from Heaven.—*London Times.*

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THE second reason why I attach so much importance to the approaching election is, because I deem it of the utmost moment that conservative and constitutional views should prevail on the subject of American Slavery. And here allow me a word of explanation. I am sorry that even "a single remark of your American correspondent" should have been read by so many Englishmen with surprise and regret. If I may judge from the tenour of the remarks of *The Times* on this subject, I am afraid that some misapprehension may exist in reference to my meaning. I am not aware that in any of my letters I have treated the subject of American Slavery as a *moral* question. I was discussing the *political* aspects of the question—the political relations that existed between the North and the South—and more especially I attempted to unfold those causes of danger to the Constitution and the Union which the patriotic and the clear-sighted could detect in the agitations of the Abolitionists. If I am not mistaken, I dwelt somewhat at length in that communication upon the history of this Slavery agitation. I endeavoured to show, and I thought I succeeded, that the original discussion of Slavery as a *moral* question at the North had degenerated into an engine for political demagogues—that this agitation had been carried so far that the *morals* of the subject had been utterly lost sight of in the fierceness of political agitation and the bitterness of sectional warfare. I showed that things had gone so far in 1850 as to alarm all the great and good men of the Republic in *all* sections of the country. That fact has never been disputed; and when I said that Abolitionism was, I trusted, extinct or dead in the United States, I had no reference whatever to the moral aspects of the question—I was treating it solely as a *political* matter. It was not in its moral aspects that the discussion here worked mischief. It was only when it descended from the high places of argument into the alehouse and the gutter that unprincipled demagogues played upon the passions of the multitude. In *this* sense I trust that Abolitionism is dead in America, for if it lives the Republic ceases to exist. And let me involve the aid of the fancy of British readers to paint the lamentable results of such a catastrophe. However great may be the diversity of their views on forms of government or ceremonials of religion, it is not possible that the British people do not entertain the liveliest sympathies with the fortunes of their Anglo-Saxon brethren on this side the Atlantic. Started on such a career as the American people are—with such a future opening before them—it were vain to say that any righted-minded Englishman could read our history, look at our position, or contemplate our prospects, without the liveliest emotions of benevolence and pride. What Englishman, then, would not rejoice if he saw the Slavery agitation dragged away from the purlieus of foul political strife to the high arena of philosphical and religious debate? For my own part, I contemplate American Slavery as too mighty a fact to be trifled with. It is not the fancy thing that England grappled with when she laid her imperial hand upon a few little islands among distant oceans, and from the inexhaustible resources of her treasury poured out a hundred million dollars to enrich the men to whom she taught the sublime lesson of Christian benevolence. But with us Slavery began with our history, and British legislation fastened the fangs of this serpent into the very vitals of our Hercules while he lay in the cradle. It has grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength. It has wound itself around the tree that rose up and spread its branches to the heavens. It has interlaced itself with the whole texture of American society. Under the auspices of American Slavery, in spite of all that fanatics have said, the African race has been rapidly improving from their ancestral degradation. The African cannot come in contact with the Anglo-Saxon without feeling the beneficent influence of a higher and a nobler being. And thus American Slavery has proved a beneficent agency during a period of transition for the African savage, fresh from the bloody sacrifices and disgusting holocausts of his gold coasts, to a knowledge of the true God and enlightened principles of government. If Heaven, in its inscrutable but infallibly wise designs, has chosen such a path for those lowly and unfortunate people to pass in their way to a higher destiny, is there not here some room for religious reflection and Christian hope? May there not even be found room for that kind of faith that Christian men profess to entertain in the unrevealed purposes of God? The precipitate manner in which Slavery was terminated in the British islands has, or at all events ought, to teach us a lesson of wisdom. The British journals have groaned for years with reports of the lamentable consequences that followed a noble and magnanimous, but inopportune and precipitate, measure. I care very little about the decimated crop of sugar in Jamaica, and still less if there are not so many tierces of rum made under the *regime* of freedom; but I do care something about the moral as well as the political condition of these emancipated negroes. It is a matter of some importance to me as a political economist to inquire whether idleness has taken the place of industry—whether vice has usurped the domain of virtue—whether some hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children, who had been too poorly trained for the great task of grappling with the responsibilities and the duties of life, were cast upon their own resources all at once, without such a probation as would have fitted them for the noble pursuits of freedom. It is a mightier thing to be free than men sometimes think. We sometimes crave too much liberty. It is a blessed and beautiful gift of Heaven—Liberty; but even the best of us abuse it. What I desire most earnestly to see, and what I hope I may yet see, is so high and refined a moral feeling on this momentous subject as will fit us in this country to grapple with an institution which if we could all be freed from to-day would make every American heart glad, but from whose emancipation no man has yet been wise enough to show us a remedy.

It was in some such sense as this, but less amplified, that I, a Republican and a Christian man, said something about Abolitionism being dead in America. If in this sense it be not dead, *we* must die; our Union must die; and our Government cease to exist. Fanaticism cannot solve this mystery; demagogues cannot extricate us from the labyrinth.—*New York Cor. of the London Times.*

Selections.

AMERICAN POLITICS AND HUMAN RIGHTS.

THE quadrennial struggle for the Presidency of the great American Republic—now fairly re-commenced, if, indeed, it can be said ever to subside—is a perfect illustration of the distinction we have often occasion to make between the higher and the lower significations of the word "politics." As a rivalry between two or more men for the highest honour which a nation can bestow, the Presidential election is an affair that might be safely left to personal adherents and venal expectants. Even the slight interest which might attach to the preference of the American people for a Webster or a Clay, would not belong to the pending struggle, or indeed, to any one of the similar contests within our memory; for eminent abilities, and even distinctive individuality, are held to be disqualifications for the candidature. This time, the grounds of choice—excluding the considerations of which we shall presently speak—are exceedingly narrow. The Kentucky statesman is no more—the Massachusetts orator is set aside. It is only two soldiers that are presented to the popular suffrage—and their career and personal attributes appear to differ as little as their uniforms. Neither, in all probability, would do anything to fix the momentary attention attracted to him at his elevation. He would tread in the even course pursued by other monarchs, crowned or uncrowned—and pass for simply a very lucky man. To lift one or other of these gentlemen from his present obscurity, it would be scarcely worth the while of an Emerson to leave his study, or a backwoodsman to repair to the polling-booth. There are aspects, however, of the struggle—as of most other political struggles, down to the election of a town-councilor—which may well arrest the most heavenward current of thought, and even stir the heart of gentle woman, whether in the homes of Old or New England.

Free trade, the Anglo-American alliance, and the abolition of Slavery, are the cosmopolitan interests involved, or rather affected. Rather "affected" than "involved," we say—for the relation of the respective candidates, and of American parties, to these questions, is singularly complicated, and, in Yankee phrase, only "slantendicular." The epithets "Whig" and "Democrat" do not stand, across the Atlantic, for the political schools they designate here. The American "Whig" assimilates to the English Tory in his distrust of popular power—and is usually a Protectionist; but he probably sympathizes, if a Northerner, with the Abolitionists. The "Democrat" is indigenous to the South, is zealous for the equality of white men, and is disposed to Free Trade but is pro-slavery. Thus General Scott, the Whig candidate, is represented as owing his nomination to the strenuous support of Gov. Seward, the New York Senator, a zealous Abolitionist; and that support as having been accorded on the understanding that the future President would not enforce the Fugitive Slave Act—though in his letter accepting the nomination, General Scott declares that "he shall carry into the civil administration this one principle of military conduct—*obedience to the legislative and judicial departments of Government*, each in its constitutional sphere, saving only, in respect to the Legislature, the possible resort to the *veto* power." But it appears quite certain that General Scott's Anti-Slavery professions and antecedents, however unsatisfactory to earnest Abolitionists, have sufficed to alarm the Whigs of Georgia and South Carolina, whose refusal to vote for him, despite the resolution of the Convention, will probably lead to the nomination of Mr. Webster—now, alas! committed to a pro-slavery course, and gilding its iniquity with professions of zeal for universal liberty, and promises of conversion to free trade. On the other hand, of the Democratic nominee, we are told by the *New York Tribune*—a Whig organ, it must be remembered—"The Union does not contain a bitterer or a more prescriptive pro-slavery hunker than Franklin Pierce. For years he has been foremost in stifling every aspiration for freedom among the 'democracy' of New Hampshire. He insisted that John P. Hale should be ostracised and crushed because he refused to vote for the annexation of Texas without a stipulation that some part of its immense unsettled territory should be secured for free soil. In all New England, Slavery and slave-catching have had no more unscrupulous thick-and-thin servitor than this same Frank Pierce." But he is supposed to be favourable to free trade with England, and to pacific intervention on behalf of European liberty.

It is clear, then, that Slavery is the Marplot of American politics—the indocile element of every combination—the unbidden, Banquo-like guest at every caucus. The silence of leading men respecting it is not less significant than would be their utterances. Their attempts to ignore the question itself are in edifying contrast with their deference to its partizans. Abolition is to the rulers of the United States what Catholic Emancipation was to British kings and statesmen from 1800 to 1829. It has already spoiled more than one fine reputation, is breaking up successive organizations, and renders impossible an imperial policy. It is the palsy of statecraft, and the leprosy of ecclesiasticism. It rendered Kossuth an object of suspicion to one-half the States, and diminished the enthusiasm of the other half. It embitters intercourse with the people of free countries, and exposes to reproach from despotic governments. It prevents America taking her just place—a place of pride and power—among the nations of the earth, and makes her noblest children blush to own their parent. It compels the Northern States to violate the plainest dictates of humanity, and surrender the right of hospitality that belongs even to the Arab's tent. It sets the best citizens at antagonism with the executive, and makes disobedience to law a solemn duty to the most peaceful section of the community. It limits the action of statesmen who seem born to achieve world-wide renown to a pitiful balance of interests—seals up the tomb of Henry Clay with the word "compromise," and brands the majestic brow of Webster with "recreant."

These are mischiefs patent to mere worldly politicians—to men who liberate themselves from principle with a sneer at abstractions, and take pride in sacrificing heart-impulses to public views. But to Christians and philanthropists—to all mankind, indeed, save the few who are subject to local influences—"Slavery" is a sound of immeasurable horror. The American may excuse to himself, from considerations more or less directly affecting his judgment, the act of holding man as property—but to all beyond the reach of pecuniary interest or national associations, that act is in itself so enormous a sin, that its most revolting accompaniments are regarded but as its natural fruits. And, happily, it is the feeling and conviction of common men, not the designs of politicians, that ultimately determine the course of nations. Influences are at work among the American people that render impossible the long observance of the present iniquitous compact. The songs of a nation are proverbially the heralds of its laws. The daily reading of the millions is the infallible indication of their future legislation. The circulation of Louis Blanc's "Organisation du Travail," and of Lamartine's "Girondists," was at once the sign and the source of the revolutions that commenced in '48. Mrs. Beecher Stowe's unsurpassed production—"Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Negro Life in the Slave States of America"—issuing by hundreds of thousands from the presses of both countries, and making its way to every Anglo-Saxon home, announces and facilitates the advent of a new age of the new world. No one can read that book—every page a picture that rivets and thrills the observer—a book as evidently free from exaggeration as intense in earnestness, without swelling, willingly or unwillingly, the flood of moral sentiment that is now beating against the bulwarks of American Slavery; and that threatens to destroy both Church and Union if it be not suffered to cleanse the soil from the stain of human blood.*—*The (London) Nonconformist.*

* The following are the titles of pamphlets affording considerable and interesting information on the state of the Abolition movement, both in America and England. They are published by Webb and Chapman, Great Brunswick street, Dublin, and may be had, we believe, of Evans and Abbott, Bristol: "The National Anti-Slavery Societies in England and the United States," &c. &c. By R. D. Webb. "Statements respecting the American Abolitionists, by their Opponents and Friends." Compiled by the Bristol and Clifton Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society. "An Examination of the Charges of Mr. J. Scoble and Mr. Lewis Tappan against the American Anti-Slavery Society." By Edmund Quincy.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

[From Fraser's Magazine.]

A STORY of negro life in the Slave States, from the pen of an American authoress, Mrs. Stowe, under the title of *Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly*, has lately made a great impression in the United States. Fifty thousand copies, we are told, were sold in about eight weeks: two editions in a cheap form are already speeded in this country, and there is no doubt, from the startling nature of its incidents and the talent with which it is written, that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* will be extensively read and much discussed here. The book has elicited a letter to the American friend who sent it him, from a distinguished English author, who has given much attention to the question of Slavery, and to the condition, present and future, of the English peasantry. This letter we have been favoured with permission to reprint, and we are happy to avail ourselves of the opportunity of drawing our readers' attention to the admirable reflections and suggestions it contains. It is as follows:

FRIDAY, July 9, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR: I have to offer you my thanks for sending me a very remarkable book, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which followed on the receipt of your letter of the 25th April last.

The book horrifies and haunts me; and I cannot help writing to you somewhat at large upon it.

You will perhaps be surprised at my saying the book horrifies me; for, from the interest you have taken in the same subjects which I have cared for, you know well what horrors of various kinds about Slavery, about the dwellings of the poor, about various sanitary matters, I must have waded through. Indeed, when I look back upon the man I was when I first left college, how devoted to the most abstract studies, and how fastidious as regarded everything that was physically repulsive, I am sometimes amazed that I should have been able to go through the dense masses of recorded filth, misery and cruelty, which I have had to encounter. I think, if they could have been shown me all at once, like the tale of a life told in some magic glass, I should have shrunk out of the world in horror. But so I suppose it would be, if any one of us were to see in one condensed view the aspect and fortunes (aye, even the prosperous ones) of his future career. Well, I

lish labourer and that of the American slave. There is, however, even in our poorest districts, and in the worst of times, all the difference that exists between humanity and barbarism — between the dignified suffering of a man oppressed by untoward circumstances and the abject wretchedness of another driven about like a beast—in short, between manhood and brutehood.

I wish that such writers as the authoress of this work could live a little time in the country in England, and really see for herself what these rustic labourers are like. She would find that, under their occasionally stolid appearance, and with their clumsy gait, there is an intelligence, a patience, an aptitude to learn, a capacity for reasonable obedience, and a general gentleness of blood and nature, which would mightily astonish her. She would even find, especially among the women, a grace and sweetness of demeanour which would remind her of the highest breeding. She is evidently perplexed to account to herself for the permission of the existence of slaves, so little do their lives appear to give room for the purposes of humanity: she would have no such doubt whatever in contemplating the life of the British peasant, or the British workman. She would see that his life fulfilled sufficiently the conditions of humanity to render it a means of attaining to considerable self-culture, of exercising the deepest self-restraint, of appreciating and working out what is most beautiful in the affections and the duties of a free citizen.

It is a fact easily ascertained, by looking at the map, that England is an Island, not a very large Island, and consequently that we have not an indefinite power of settling our people upon new lands. Let those who have this power see that they use it well, and that their institutions correspond to the greatness of their resources and their felicity in that respect.

The writer of the book we are considering must not imagine that it is a general rule for the poor in England to be unconsidered, or uncared for. If she were to study this country well, she would find that with the self-helpfulness belonging to the Anglo-Saxon race (for we too are Anglo-Saxon), individuals are making exertions in every way to benefit the poor people around them; indeed, that many persons devote the greatest part of their energies to this ever-growing task. Sometimes the poor themselves, encouraged by the example of their wealthier neighbours, form clubs and benefit societies as a resource in case of sickness. Sometimes these wealthier persons, among whom the clergyman of the parish mostly takes a prominent place, combine together to form clothing clubs, coal clubs, and other safe means of benefitting the poor; and I must say that the rich often contrive to keep up the rate of wages in their districts; for, though we have by no means outgrown the love of money, the dollar sometimes takes the second place in our estimate of things.

Then, as to education, do not let your authoress suppose that the poor with us are utterly uncared for in that respect. There, however, I must confess for I love truth above all things, that personal chastisement is not wholly unknown. One parish schoolmaster has a cane. How rarely it is used in the particular parish where I live, you may judge by the following anecdote. Mr. Emerson, who did me the honour to come and see me when he was in England, will perhaps have told you that my house is situated on a steep hill. Looking down the hill one day, I was astonished to see that great functionary, the village schoolmaster, plunging down the hill at a most undignified pace—he being, as dignitaries are wont to be, somewhat portly in dimensions. Inquiring the cause of this phenomenon, I found that the good man, whose spare time is very scarce, had hurried up to get a book (we have a lending library) for one of the children, who was sick, and could not get it for himself. The cane, as you may imagine, is an instrument which may pretty safely be left in the hands of such a man as this. And that cane is the only emblem of authority for miles round—corresponding, in act, to the Roman fasces. To be sure, there is a policeman in the district, but he is very little heard of, and upon the occasion of the robbery of a few spoons, which occurred some years ago, that important officer, putting his hand pitiably on his breast, and telling me what he had gone through in the matter, exclaimed that he had not felt well since. So rare an event was such a robbery among us. Now, if we were in France, we should have a little army of fifty or a hundred men quartered upon us; and if we were in a slave district of America, what whippings, what imprisonments, how many executions, would not be necessary to get the work done which we do in our quiet, noiseless, stolid way; loving law and order, and our country all the while. Do you think that if our poor were like your slaves, they would love law and order as they do?

Then, too, we have our work-houses for the very poor, the aged and the infirm; and their right to support does not depend upon the caprice of any single man. It cannot enter into the mind of any person to speculate whether it would be worth his while to use those under him well or ill.

These things are elementary, and I am ashamed to tell them to a studious and intelligent man like you; but it is so important for nations to understand one another, that it is worth while to enter into the fullest detail about our poor people, if by so doing one could disabuse an American of the idea that the English labourer is the least like a slave—a comparison which may help to soothe the bewildered conscience of many a man who seeks to justify Slavery; and which, I dare say, is, and has been, repeated many times in every hour of the day, by some Southern slaveholder or other.

Throughout this book, which has been the cause of my inflicting such a long letter upon you, I find the authoress again and again endeavouring to meet a set of arguments which are so thoroughly exploded in our part of the world, that, to use one of your American words, we find it difficult to "realize" them. These arguments profess to be founded on the Bible; and no doubt it must be a charming thing, when a man is steeped all over in iniquities, to find it said by grave men with black coats and white neckcloths, that there is no harm in anything he has done; but that the institution which he adores is based upon the soundest religious principles. To a man steaming down one of your magnificent rivers with his dark cargo of slaves, it must be very cheering to hear from some benignant and judicious looking clergyman, the words, "cursed is Canaan," and to be told that they justify what he, the slave-owner, is doing.

Oh! the evils that spring from any misconception on any great matter! I used to wonder, when somewhat juvenile, at the unnecessary stress—unnecessary as it appeared to me—laid by Solomon upon wisdom, and to see his absolute dread of fools and folly. A little more experience has shown me that there is no wiser fear than the fear of foolishness—a thing more terrible to meet than any wild beast of the forest. What frightful calamities, for instance, may not be directly traced up to the miserable and pedantic views which have been taken of the Bible—views which enabled the sarcastic Gibbon to contend that the Reformation had brought in as much evil as it had removed.

Yet the simplest consideration would show that the Bible was *a* book—*the* book, if you like—but not *all* books; that it does not contain all history, or geology, or any other science, nor pretend to represent a perfect state of things, from which there is to be no improvement. To think this, is to blind ourselves to all reason, philosophy and religion. For instance, does any sacred writer intimate that the world is in a satisfactory state at the time he is writing, or that he would not alter it if he had supreme power? Was Christianity set in a world so complete in its social arrangements that you had only to perfect them in detail, and then that all would be right? Were the political arrangements of that day perfect? What would your fellow-countrymen say to that?

But the favorers of Slavery, as it exists in the United States, would reply, that if Slavery were such a bad thing, it would have been especially provided against and preached against in the Gospel. So you might say of absolute political power. The absolute power of Nero and of Commodus, of Attila and of Genghis Khan, produced, no doubt, horrible results; but there is nothing; that I know of, in the Scriptures particularly directed against despots, and there has always been a great deal brought forward in their favour out of these very Scriptures by flattering, glosing, learned men.

Such views are far from being derogatory to the Bible. Comparatively slight would be the good of Christianity if it could have been stereotyped in the way that some men's fancies would have had it, embracing a complete code, not only of moral, but of social and political laws. All such codes are mortal. All systems are mortal.

I no sooner see any of them arise, as may be seen in every age, than I say to myself: "That means something, perhaps; it suits this people, this age, this country; it will have its day; but it provides and settles too much, and there will be an end of it.

I contend, moreover, that modern Slavery is essentially different from the Slavery of olden times. If you will look at what I have said elsewhere on this subject,* you will see that Jewish Slavery differed *toto cœlo*, in fact was whole heavens and whole hells apart, from anything like modern Slavery.

As for Slavery among barbarians or in the Roman Empire, the difference between that and anything like yours is immense, much greater than you are likely to have any notion of until you have looked carefully into the question.

The rare liberality of the Romans, which could endure most gods, was also very noticeable in its races of mankind; and it would be comparatively needless to be for ever dinning this dreary subject of Slavery into the ears of mankind, if your slaves in America but enjoyed the hopes, the kind treatment, and the privileges which the same class enjoyed amongst the Romans under their best Emperors. But when once the evils of Slavery are deepened and darkened by the difference of race, then comes the utmost cruelty of which human nature is capable; where all remorse is anticipated or destroyed by disgust.

But to pass to other considerations which do not require learning or thought, let us simply go back in imagination to the time of Christ's coming upon earth, and for a moment bring before Him, in our fancy, such transactions in Slavery as may be seen now, which are indeed daily occurrences, mere matters of business, in your country.

Now, imagine Him in the Temple, looking on at the sale of a young child about to be taken from its mother's breast; and conceive what He would have said of that traffic. Picture Him coming into any market, like yours in the South, and seeing the sale of beautiful Quadroons; or, for one hour, watching such exorbitant orgelty as that perpetrated upon the slaves in many plantations. Would any of your clergy, those who now justify this institution, like to have been there? Why the terror and horror of the evil-doers (aye, and of the abettors too), their minds once opened by divine power to the iniquity of such proceedings, would have been an agony dreadful to behold. No—let your defenders of Slavery say that those whose cause they advocate will have their institution maintained just as it is, that they will fight for it, die for it, and in truth that nothing will induce them to give up their property. But do not let them put their case as one to be argued religiously; for the religions of nearly all nations will condemn them. American Slavery will find no substantial countenance from Vedas, Korans, Bibles, or any other religious book which has been believed by any large number of civilized or enlightened people, and which has had the seal set upon its moral merits by the common sense of great bodies of mankind.

But you will say, "What does all this lead to, my good friend? You have maintained that the evils of Slavery are not exaggerated in this book—that American Slavery is not justified by the Bible, and that the English labourer bears no resemblance whatever to the American slave. But what is to be the result, what am I to do in the matter, what are others to do in it?" To this I reply, as I have often replied before to similar questions, it is impossible for one person to lay down the exact wheel-track of duty for another. No lawyer, no man of business, could give advice in the way that writers are often expected to do—that is, give advice in detail without having the details before them. For instance, in this case of Slavery, what a man should do in one slave State may be different from what he should do in another. Nothing is more unwise than a pedantic application of one particular theory, or system, to various sets of circumstances. Let any man in America say how he is surrounded in this matter, what he already thinks of it, and what manner of man he is (for that is most important), and I might "hazard a wide solution," to use Sir Thomas Browne's phrase, as to what a man so situated might most advisedly attempt.

So much for minute or detailed advice—but there are certain general remarks which may be useful. In the first place, you must really try not to be disheartened at the magnitude of the evil. You must not suppose that you gentlemen in America are the only people who have great difficulties to contend with. With us there is a want of space, and perhaps, too, want of knowledge how to use what space we have. We are crippled by laws, and practices in reference to law, which I fondly trust are not equalled in absurdity, not only in any part of this planet, but in any other planet that circles round the sun: the history of many a great law case is a thing which, if really well written, would convulse the world with tears and laughter. In many of our ways and habits we are so constrained by the overthoughtful scrupulosity with the past, that the nation is like a tall boy of poor parents who is painfully tight in his clothes. Then, in any great question submitted to the public here, religion, or rather religious rancour, springs up like the vines which, at the will of Bacchus, rose suddenly from the earth and entangled the feet of some poor mythical person—whose name I now forget, but you, as being later from a University, well know all about him. Again, we, as well as you, have constitutional difficulties to contend with. Before anything wise or good can be done, innumerable people have to be persuaded, or outvoted, or tired out. All the possible folly that can be said on any subject has to be answered and borne with and exhausted. The chaff has to be winnowed away many times before the grain can be got at at all. One conclusion from all this in my mind is, that, as more power of all kinds is allowed to the individual in modern Constitutions (as, for instance, he has more power of obstruction), more is demanded from him in the way of individual thought and exertion for the public good.

At the same time, do not think I underrate the causes for occasional despondency. I know how disheartening it is, and how, to use the expression of a favourite old author of mine, it sends one "down to the abysses," to find, after long toil at any matter, where some result of obvious public utility has been proved to be attainable, and even the mode of attaining it shown, that, notwithstanding this, little or no progress seems to be made, and the most contemptible interruptions of great public measures take place by reason of the meanest hindrances.

I am sure that many a man must have felt, as I confess I have, struck down to the earth for the moment, by a vast and indefinite despair at seeing how little is done, compared with what might be done, in the great sanitory reforms that are needed in this country, and, indeed, in most countries; and then, on the other hand, to see the noble way in which smoke, filth, putridity, and miasma stand their ground against the convinced, but not judiciously united, intelligence of mankind. Governments succeed each other, displaying various degrees of apparently resolute incompetency on some of the most important matters, and such as are clearly within their functions—and within theirs only. You almost seem to think that it is the business of men in office to hinder; but, poor fellows, that would be a very hard construction to put upon their conduct. As the present Lord Grey once observed, when you find a number of people, one after the other, running into the same error, you must look aside from the men to the peculiar circumstances which they have all had to embarrass them. A difficult mill to grind with is a popular assembly—a popular assembly, too, open to the press, and with a pretty nearly unlimited power of talking. Moreover, the total indifference shown in both our nations to the adoption of any methods of securing a supply of intelligent men to direct our affairs, greatly puts it out of our power to blame with justice those statesmen we have, who are obtained in such a hap-hazard fashion.

We are just now going to a general election. If the motives, which will determine this election, could be laid before any superior being, I fear the whole thing would prove in his eyes a disgrace to humanity. Here a triumphant appeal will be made to the narrowest bigotry, there to the lowest self-interest; in this place, to the power of the purse; in that place, to the power of local influence and the densest rural stupidity. An assembly thus collected will not be enlighted by any men brought into it from other sources; though it is the wish, I will venture to say, of the most thoughtful men in this country, and those who have studied government most deeply, that some few members at least should be chosen by the Crown or the Ministry, whose only, or whose chief recommendation should be their capacity for the conduct of affairs.

Notwithstanding all these difficulties, you must allow we still work on; and, being a really great people at heart (I may say such a thing between ourselves, for we are your kindred), we silently endure what must be endured, are contented with small gains, and patiently strive upwards to the light.

But do not suppose we have not our difficulties as well as you have yours.

To come, however, closer to the question before us, I would venture to say that there is an ample field of exertion for any one in America, who cares about this subject of Slavery. Let right feelings about it pervade your literature. Argue the question well; answer the arguments said to be drawn from the Bible. If you are a slave-owner, give every facilty for the education of slaves, and for their gradual manumission. Try to make different classes of slaves (what I mean is, not to keep them all to the same functions), for that will make freedom easier to be given, and better used when it does come. Perhaps all these efforts will not settle the question. A great crash will come some day to do that. Such is the way even with us, who are a much older nation than you are; we never work out anything gradually and patiently. A Reform Bill, an Abolition of Corn Laws, or a Catholic Emancipation, always comes on a sudden, and is carried through with all the want of wisdom which there is in undue haste. If nobody, however, had thought, and talked, and written about these great changes, they would have come still more abruptly than they did.

But, to return to the slave owner. For my own part I cannot imagine a more splendid career, intellectually speaking, than that of a slave-owner in a slave State who is thoroughly awakened to the difficulty of his position. In a minor way Irish landowners have had, of late years, a similar trial, and several of them have come nobly out of it. This slave-owner will certainly have difficulty enough before him—with his own early prejudice to contend against—jealous neighbours to appease—harsh State laws to obey, and, while obeying, to modify—a degraded race to elevate—and all this to be accomplished without the encouragement of his fellows in private society or at public meetings. These are indeed labours worthy of Hercules; but difficulties are the things that make life tolerable to many of us; and it cannot be said that we are left without plenty of them.

Your authoress is evidently vexed by the questions mankind are always knocking their heads against—the origin of evil and the endurance of evil. Certainly, the faith in a beneficent Creator is sorely tried by what is daily to be seen in Slave States; but I have always thought the uninterrupted and peaceful voyage of a slave-ship—some *Santa Trinidad*, or *Maria de la Gloria*—the most wonderful problem in the whole world. On it goes, a thing beautifully constructed for its purpose—hundreds of human beings packed in indescribable agony within it—the porpoises gambol around it; light breezes fan its sails; the water parts lovingly from its well-shaped bows, like the best affection of true-hearted women, "which clings not, nor is exigent;" in truth the powers of nature, sublimely indifferent to right or wrong, Epicurean divinities in their way, refuse no aid to this dark, devilish thing, as it skims gracefully over the waters; and, if it escapes our cruisers, the *Santa Trinidad* lands half or two-thirds of its original live cargo, and is considered to have done a good stroke of business. Truly, the apparent silence of God is the most awful thing the Sun looks down upon.

It is somewhere said that "evil is good in the making;" this is a brave and noble saying; it were to be wished, however, that our part of the process were a little better understood and less dilatory. At the same time it must be admitted that a good deal of nonsense is thought and talked about this question of evil; and we sometimes seem to want a sugared kind of universal beneficence and happiness, which really and truly may be a very low form of either.

How supremely dull, for instance, a perfectly well-governed State would be. On the other hand, how exquisitely humorous, though very sad withal, is the present condition of things. You see rabid attempts at freedom result in twisting the chains more closely and painfully around the shouters for freedom. You see the effort to bring more and more assured wisdom and virtue, under the shape of popular opinion, into the administration of affairs, result occasionally in reducing constitutional governments to a dead lock in all the most useful purposes of government. Then, look at the men in power. I believe we British have been as well governed as we deserve, perhaps better; but we sometimes have men in high authority among us, even as Cabinet Ministers, to whom no prudent private persons would give six and twenty shillings a-week for anything they could do. This is very humorous, possibly a shade too comic, when you think what a vast nation this is, flowing over with unused men of great ability. But life is full of such deep drollery.

Look at the way men rise to honour. You see a person whom Nature meant to be industriously obscure; and yet such men will become the founder of a family; and his children will bear titles and enjoy substantial power as long as the kingdom lasts. If you ask what were this man's public deserts, it is a matter which a few persons well-informed in political affairs might be able to explain to you; but for the great mass of mankind, it is perfectly unintelligible. They never heard of the man's name, or gave the least heed to it, before they heard of his ennoblement. This, too, is humorous.

Do not pretend, however, because you have no system of hereditary honours, that what honours you have are bestowed much more wisely than ours. For I should beg leave to doubt that.

Nor, again, is it in government alone that the drollery I have spoken of before is visible. Success in ordinary avocations depends upon various and redundancies as upon merits. There are even instances of men who succeed in life by the fear and aversion of their fellow men; and these disagreeable persons are got rid of by being pushed up higher and higher in consequence of the good qualities which their good parents always laboured to correct in them. In the meantime, persons of real worth are too much prized by those around them to be advanced. Thoughtful men have often fretted over-much, as it seems to me, about such things; for, putting aside higher views, without these motley occurrences in life, where would be its tragedy, or its comedy, or its tragi-comedy, all so deeply interesting and instructive?

Well, what I wanted to come to is, that if the systems of perfect good, which men often propose to themselves in their fond imaginations, were adopted, all wit, humour, contrast, forbearance in the highest sense, bravery and independence would run some chance of being done away with. This may be a sufficient answer to any weak repinings about the moderate evils and anomalies which I have been alluding to. But in the proceedings in Slavery there is an excess of evil which really tends to overcome piety, and which all good men should combine against, if it were only to check the murmuring, probably very unwise, but very natural, which will arise with the first thoughts of men when contemplating such horrors. If we are left alone here on earth, to do almost what we please with each other, the very awfulness of the situation should breed in men's hearts a profound responsibility. With one voice, spreading round the world like an electric message, mankind should say, "There are things which clearly we are not to do. It cannot be right to sell away an infant from its mother. This must be put a stop to, at all hazards. Here is an evil so large and trenchant that the subtlest casuist would be puzzled to explain it away into beneficence. Let us clear away this doubt of the very destinies of man which springs from the permission only of such monstrosities."

I have now said all I have to say, and more than I ought to ask you to read, about *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

If I had the honour of any acquaintance with the authoress, I would send through you my best regards and most earnest expressions of encouragement to her. She is evidently a noble woman and an excellent writer. And her book is one of those which insist on being read when once begun.

You are very good to tell me that I need not reply to your letters; and I should probably have relied upon this goodness, but I could not keep silent after reading that book. Else, in general, I must say these regular correspondences between friends are rather a mistake. Indeed, I have a theory of my own about them, which I will impart to you—namely, that one begins with a certain definite amount of regard and affection for a person, of which one gradually writes off small portions as one writes each enforced letter to him or her, till, at last, though the beginnings and endings grow more intimate and affectionate, the original affection has wasted away.

My little boy, after writing a letter to a playmate the other day (and you know what work of legs, and arms, and tongue children make of writing), threw the pen down with some impatience, and exclaimed, "When I grow up, I shall write no more letters." Ah, my little master, thought I, when you come to that age of joy and freedom, as you suppose it, which you call "growing up," you will know some things you don't know now; and, amongst them, will appreciate this endless punishment of letter-writing. Often I think, what a jovial thing it must have been to have been as ignorant as a baron in the middle ages, and to have been capable of nothing but a rude cross in the way of a signature.

Such an avowal as the above is rather inconsistent with the length of this letter; but we human beings from our weakness have at least the privilege of being inconsistent sometimes. However, I must not linger any more with you; but you must now turn to labours which I am rather weary of, but which I work on at, not without the hope that they may be of some use in showing the difficulties which former nations have experienced in this subject of Slavery, and the splendid efforts made by good men of other days to overcome these difficulties.

Live and prosper. In all your writings try to make your people think as kindly of us as you can. The seriousness of these times forbids those small-town disputes and that miserable interchange of snarlings which have hitherto so often existed between two great and closely-related nations.

I remain, ever sincerely yours, A. H.

*Friends in Council, vol. ii.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen of Boston, on Monday afternoon,

"The Committee on Public Buildings, to whom was referred the petition of Francis Jackson et al., for the use of Faneuil Hall ten days from the 14th of December next, for the purpose of holding an Anti-Slavery fair therein; and the petition of John B. Fitzpatrick et al., for the use of said hall seven days from the 25th of December, for the purpose of holding a fair for the benefit of the 'Home of the Angel Guardian' therein; having considered the same, reported in substance that the original purpose for which the hall was granted to the town of Boston was that the citizens might always have a place to hold annual and other meetings for the election of officers, and the discussion of the political topics of the day; that the original intention has been carried out until within the last six years, during which time it has been promiscuously granted to private parties and charitable fairs, so much to the detriment of the building as to arrest the attention of our predecessors. Accordingly, it was refused for an Anti-Slavery fair to one of the present petitioners. In this determination, the committee fully concur. They hold that the hall should be used as far as possible for holding political meetings; that the granting the use of the hall for such purposes for so long a time ought not to be permitted, except in cases of great and peculiar interest. The granting of the two petitions would give the entire control of the hall to two parties, and take it out of the possession of the people for the holding of public meetings during that time. They therefore recommend that the petitioners have leave to withdraw. The report was unanimously accepted."

If the Committee had undisguisedly stated their objection to granting the use of Faneuil Hall, in this instance, it would have been, undoubtedly, mainly, if not solely, on the ground of their hostility to the Anti-Slavery movement. It is true, the Catholic application for the Hall was also rejected at the same time; but they had no other alternative—for it would have been an act of official proscription too gross and too offensive to have granted to the latter body of petitioners what they had denied to another. There was this difference, however, in the two cases: the Catholics asked that the use of the Hall might be given to them *without charge*; but the Anti-Slavery petitioners only in compliance with the scale of prices *fixed by the city authorities*, which would have brought to the city treasury nearly FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS; but of which sum the city must be defrauded by this refusal of Faneuil Hall. Will our tax-paying citizens look at this fact in a sensible and practical manner? No *favour* was asked in regard to the Anti-Slavery Bazaar; but a liberal sum was offered for the Hall, to the full extent deemed sufficient by 'the powers that be.'

The plea that 'the Hall should be used, as far as possible, for holding political meetings,' and that the granting of the two petitions would interfere with such meetings, is specious, but of no force; for both the State and the Presidential election will be consummated several weeks prior to the time specified in the petitions; so that there is not the remotest probability that any political emergency will arise, during the comparatively short period for which the Hall was asked, to require a public meeting to be held within its walls.

During the several periods at which the Hall has been occupied by the Anti-Slavery Bazaar, in no instance has it ever been alleged that it interfered with any political demonstration. It is held precisely at that period of the year when all political excitement has ended, whether relating to State or national objects.

We regret that the Hall cannot be obtained, as there is no other building so well adapted to the Bazaar, in regard to size and locality. The Bazaar, in an artistic as well as philanthropic point of view, has always been in the highest degree creditable to the city; and as its object is to cause that liberty which Faneuil Hall was erected to uphold, to be diffused throughout the land, so that no slave shall clank his chains on the American soil, it should have been granted without hesitation. We sincerely hope, for the historical reputation of Boston, that the Mayor and Aldermen will reverse their decision.—*Liberator*.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1852.

There may still be found, here and there, we have no doubt, some well-meaning and simple persons who really believe the allegation once so common, but which few have the hardihood now to make, that the real objection to the Anti-Slavery movement is, not its aim, but the manner in which it conducted; and, as the race of fools is never-ending, such incorrigible and thick-headed individuals will be extant till the fact that Slavery ever existed on this continent is altogether forgotten. There is no truer scripture than that if 'a fool is brayed in a mortar, yet will his foolishness not depart from him.'

That the real difficulty is, not in the method pursued by the advocates of Emancipation, but in the fact that they are advocates at all of such a cause, is sufficiently proved by its progress for twenty years, and the obstacles it has encountered and overcome. From the commencement to this moment, it has met with the most violent opposition, and that without regard to the character of those who sought to advance it. The rough, uncompromising, even violent denunciator of the 'sum of all villainies' has been as certain of a welcome from the public as the mildest and gentlest of women, who spoke in sorrow, and appealed for pity's sake for her wretched and outraged sister-slave.

The truth of this recurs to us for the thousandth time on taking up the last No. of the *New York Observer*. No paper in the country has been, since such a thing was known in the land as earnest, and hearty Anti-Slavery, its more bitter enemy; and it has never spared any appeal to the passions, to the prejudices, to the lowest interests which may move the multitude, to array against it the same violent hatred by which it was itself governed. The *Liberator*—and we can say no more than this—has not been more earnest against the system of human bondage, than the *Observer* has been, almost madly, insanely, devoted to its defence. Those who have read and believed in that paper for the last twenty years, must hold this as a cardinal principle of their faith—that the Son of God was sent into the world to prepare the way for the existence of the benign institution of American Chattelism, and that the Providence of God from the beginning had only this aim, that in the progress of the ages mankind should be fitted to receive this beneficent relation between man and man.

No argument or plea that its own ingenuity could devise, or that its curious researches could discover, has ever been omitted by the *Observer*, either in defence of Slavery or against the Abolitionists. Among them, of course, has stood pre-eminent the canting and hypocritical assertion, to which we have referred, that it was not Anti-Slavery, but its advocates, to which it objected. Doubtless there are some who have been deceived by this specious excuse, and to that degree that so long as they live they will believe that all those, no matter who, who seek the Abolition of Slavery, are the worst enemies of that cause. They are of that class referred to in the Scripture we have quoted.

But the real *animus* of the *Observer* is made apparent, though by no means for the first time, in its last No. That remarkable book, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, if remarkable for one thing more than another, is so because it is careful never to do injustice to the slaveholders as a class, and because, in its portraiture of the system, it keeps not merely within the bounds of probability and possibility, but that it falls far short of the appalling, but incontrovertible fact. Thus much justice, one would suppose, everybody, not actually a Legree or a Haley, would do the author. But the *Observer* can find in the book neither a rightful purpose nor an honest pursuit of it, and ignoring, or perhaps not understanding the truth, that Slavery is the enemy of humanity, and therefore of true religion, it can see in it nothing but a covert attackupon that sort of piety of which it is the fit and proper organ. It finds that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is an irreligious book, because it exposes the cant of slaveholding piety, and deems it mischievous and impious because it recognises goodness without Orthodoxy, and will not take it for granted that that man is a saint because he is a Presbyterian parson, who maintains that Slavery is in accordance with the Law of God, and who will gladly put in his pocket the price of a brother or sister in Christ sold on the auction block, for, no matter what purpose. Of such a paper, or rather of such an editor of a paper, there is no hope. Fortunately for his own happiness he will probably not live long enough to see the entire Abolition of Slavery in this world; it is not for us to conjecture his wretched condition when he shall be permitted a glimpse of the next, and find that there it does not exist.

The occasion which the *Observer* seizes to promulgate its opinion of the Anti-Christian character of Mrs. Stowe's book is quite as characteristic as the opinion itself. We published, some time since, a correspondence, from *The Independent*, between the Rev. Joel Parker and Mrs. Stowe, in which the former explained away, or endeavoured to do so, the apparent meaning of some remarks of his on the Fugitive Slave Law, quoted in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. This correspondence, the *Observer* asserts, was, so far as Dr. Parker is concerned, a forgery, and that paper does not hesitate to charge it upon Henry Ward Beecher, or Mrs. Stowe, or both. The inevitable conclusion of any honest mind in such a case would be, that there was a mistake somewhere, susceptible of easy explanation, if inquiry were but made. It suits our pious neighbour to make the charge, and let it make the impression on those whom it chooses to influence. The explanation may come afterward; perhaps it will accept it, perhaps not; but the mischief it meant to do, can not then be undone. The method, too, with which the charge is brought is quite in keeping with the whole proceeding. A controversy is going on between *The Independent* and the *Observer*, on some question relating to Orthodoxy, but with which Mrs. Stowe and her book have no more to do than they have with the question of a North-West passage. On the point in controversy the *Observer* is sure, no doubt, of the sympathy of its readers; on the other point, perhaps, of the character of Mrs. Stowe's book, it is not so sure. So it hopes by bringing in this story by the head and shoulders, and calling to its aid the prejudice or conviction of its readers on a question of Church Government to subserve its never-lost-sight-of and never-to-be-forgotten purpose of upholding Slavery. The *Observer*'s statement we give in its own words:

Uncle Tom's Cabin by Mrs. Stowe, has been read by thousands, and almost universally praised by the newspapers reviewing it. The *Vermont Chronicle*, after a column of high eulogy, very modestly ventures a criticism, as if it were next to a sin to find fault with such a book, and says:

"A more important criticism relates to the writer's treatment of the Christian ministry. Here she has given the *worst* without the best. No white minister of the Gospel is put in a respectable position, except one young man in a single instance; and he makes no impression. The impression generally made by the book must, we think, be decidedly anti-ministerial; which of course, with a father, a husband, and half a dozen brothers in the ministry, the writer cannot have intended."

We have read the book and regard it as "anti-Christian," on the same grounds that the *Chronicle* regards it "decidedly anti-ministerial." We have marked numerous passages in which religion is spoken of in terms of contempt, and in no case is religion represented as making a *master* more humane, while Mrs. Stowe is careful to present the indulgent and amiable *masters* as men without religion. This taint pervades the work, just as it does the writings of all the modern school of philanthropy. It is essentially a non-religious, if not an anti-evangelical school. Mrs. Stowe labours through all her book to render ministers odious and contemptible, by attributing to them sentiments unworthy of men or Christians. In no case, however, does she venture to give her authority for the atrocious doctrines she charges upon them, except in a single instance, where she places, in a foot-note, the name of the Rev. Joel Parker, D. D., now of this city. Thousands of her book had been read with this charge against Dr. Parker, before he knew that he was thus travelling over the country, gibbeted as a monster by the pen of a lady philanthropist. So soon as he was informed of the bad distinction he had acquired, Dr. Parker wrote a letter to Mrs. Stowe, informing her that she had been misled by erroneous information, and offering to put the proof into her hands that he was not the author of the sentiment she had attributed to him. *Mrs. Stowe took no notice of his letter.* Dr. Parker wrote to her again. *Mrs. Stowe deigned no reply.* Dr. Parker wrote the third time. Mrs. Stowe now replied in a defiant tone, and affirmed that she had documentary evidence and living witnesses to prove that Dr. Parker had uttered the sentiments which she had imputed to him. Finding that no sense of justice could be reached in the lady-author, Dr. Parker employed the most eminent legal counsel, and with good advice resolved to commence an action of libel against Mrs. Stowe, laying damages at $20,000! This was a new argument which the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had not expected. She addressed a note in gentle terms to the injured Dr.; this led to an interview in which she admitted that she had imputed to him words and sentiments which were not his, but justified herself on the ground that she had been misled by the newspapers. At this point, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher stepped in to assist his sister in getting Dr. Parker out of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. $20,000 would make a sad hole in the profits of that book of fiction, and by some means the matter must be mended. Shortly after that interference was the publication in the N. Y. *Tribune* and the *Independent*, June 24, of the following letters:

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."—MRS. H. B. STOWE has requested us to publish the following correspondence:

MRS. H. B. STOWE—Dear Madam: I write to ask an interview with you, at such time as may be convenient, for the purpose of laying before you such evidence as will, I think, satisfy you that you have been misled in quoting in your recent work, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, certain language as mine.

I feel deeply aggrieved by the use made of that paragraph, and I am sure that you will not refuse to right me before the public when I shall have laid the whole matter before you.

I am, with great respect, yours,
JOEL PARKER.

Dr. JOEL PARKER—Dear Sir: I have attentively considered the papers which you left for my examination. I am quite satisfied that the language quoted (page 191, vol. I., of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*) conveys a meaning widely different from that which you intended to express in the articles which I have read; and you will allow me to say that my mind is greatly relieved from a painful conviction which I innocently, but, so far as you were concerned, unjustly, entertained in regard to your real views.

It is due to myself, however, to state that I did not carelessly employ the language attributed to you. It was published first in American newspapers, re-quoted in English journals (*The British Banner* being one). It was understood to have been employed in a large meeting of Congregational clergymen in England, as one of the evidences of the complicity of American ministers with Slavery. It appeared next in the letter of the English correspondent of *The Independent*, and finally was embodied in the Annual Report of the American Anti-Slavery Society for 1851. During all this time, you had never publicly contradicted the truth of this representation, and I understood your silence to be an admission of its correctness.

While, therefore, I do not see how I *could* have acted with more caution in employing an allegation which had become historical, I am yet heartily glad to find that a sentiment so shocking to every Christian mind is not yours.

I shall order the immediate alteration of the paragraph in question, and shall be glad, in any other way which shall appear proper, to set you right before the public.

I am, dear sir, respectfully yours,
H. B. STOWE.

Mrs. H. B. STOWE—My dear Madam: I thank you for your prompt kindness in examining the documents which I submitted to you, and for the favourable opinions which you express. If you will allow me to publish your letter, I think that *that* will be all that is needed to place me right in regard to this unpleasant affair.

I am, with unabated esteem, yours,
JOEL PARKER.

—Now what will be the surprise of every reader not of the Abolition school, when we state, as we now do, that Dr. Parker assures us that he never wrote one word of the above letters, that he never signed his name to one of them, that he never authorized their publication, that he was as much surprised as any one else could be, when he heard that such letters were in the newspapers. The Rev. H. W. Beecher called on him, and in his (Dr. Parker's) house, drew up certain letters as if between Mrs. S. and Dr. P., and proposed to Dr. P. to adopt those in his name as his own: Dr. P. informed Mr. B. that he would take the matter into consideration, consult his legal adviser into whose hands he had placed the business, and, as he (Dr. P.) had no wish to obtain Mrs. Stowe's money, but merely justice, he hoped that by *some such method* the whole matter might be settled. With this, Mr. B. took his departure, and shortly afterwards the letters quoted above appeared in the *Tribune* and the *Independent*. Dr. P. presumes (though he does not know) that the letters are the same which Mr Beecher showed him in his house; but Dr. P. affirms that no inducement would have led him to write, or sign his name to, such letters as those ascribed to him, nor to accept of Mrs. Stowe's as satisfactory.

This statement is made, first, to show the "morality of modern ultraism in general, and Uncle Tom's Cabin in particular;" and, secondly, that a case may be made out against Mr. Beecher on another question, with which this question of veracity between him and Dr. Parker can have nothing to do whatever. That Mr. Beecher will blow the whole story to the winds, within a week, we have no manner of doubt; we publish it as an instructive episode in the history of the Cause.

AGITATION IN ENGLAND.—The question of American Slavery is exciting, just now, an unusual degree of attention in England, as may be seen by the first page of our issue of this week. We do not pretend to reprint all that is said there upon the subject, but we give enough in this paper to show that *The Times*, influential and widely circulated as it is, is by no means the mouth-piece of the universal public sentiment. It certainly represents the opinions of its readers far less truly than either of the other publications, from which we copy, does those of the class for which they speak. The Pro-Slavery party of this country, nevertheless, gladly welcome such an ally as *The Times*; and among the multitude of papers which will eagerly copy its article, hardly one will be found that will wish or venture to state that but few other publications in England have the hardihood or are so destitute of principle as to promulgate similar views. *The Times*' article is eagerly seized upon in this city, and has been already issued in a cheap pamphlet for a wider circulation. 'Foreign interference,' for once, is received with enthusiasm.

Nobody has less reason, however, than the Abolitionists to complain of *The Times*. That paper is a powerful organ of agitation, and we care very little for what it says provided it will keep talking. A people who have compelled the unwilling slaveholders of their own Colonies to emancipate their bondmen can not be desperately pro-slavery, and, even if they were dependent upon their newspapers for their morals and their opinions, we may rely, with a good deal of faith, upon that portion of the public press which is neither led by nor agrees with the great metropolitan journal. Where *The Times* will lead one mind to doubt the rightfulness or the expediency of Emancipation in the United States, it will prompt hundreds to rekindle in their own hearts the half-smothered fires of their old Anti-Slavery zeal, and will arouse a new-born enthusiasm against the monster system in those who will be induced by its diatribe to seek the book which it deems worthy of such notice.

The American people are more concerned, on the score of personal comfort, with this reviving agitation in England than they think. A defence, direct or indirect, of American Slavery has long been held disreputable and unchristian there with a large class of the best, most intelligent and most respectable people. It must inevitably become more and more so, for there are in England but very few of those influences at work which here smother not only the dictates of common sense, and the requirements of morality and pure religion, but the instincts of humanity as well. The time is coming when the American who goes abroad

☞ It is pitiful that the *Evening Post*, which states so clearly and explicitly such facts as are contained in the following article, should contribute its energies and influence to the support of a party whose policy uniformly is to do for the sake of its own supremacy precisely what the individuals here referred to did to secure a steamboat appropriation. The *Post's* statement, we presume, will not be denied, simply because it is undeniable; but if those whom it implicates do not retort upon their accuser, that the difference between them as merchants, and the editors of that paper as politicians, is only one of degree, it will be because they are unwilling thus to acknowledge, by implication, the truth of the charges. The statement, nevertheless, is well worth reading as an exposition of how the South maintains its supremacy through the mercenary and servile spirit of the Northern people. It acts precisely the same way in politics, by procuring first the subserviency of party, and through that the subserviency of party papers; of the truth of which statement, the *Post* itself is a notable instance:

WE APPEAL TO THE RECORD.

We stated, a few days since, what we did not suppose there was any responsible person in this city reckless enough to deny, that the proprietors of the several steamboat lines who shared the two millions appropriated to them by Congress at its last session, their officers and the lawyers in their employ, were the most prominent parties to the organization of the Union Safety Committee, and that Messrs. Collins, Law and Aspinwall, and others, who took the lion's share, were among them the most prominent.

The *Journal of Commerce*, in a brazen effort to throw off the odium of such a connection between the committee and the steamboat monopolists to which we referred, denies, or at least tries to imply a denial, that any of these gentlemen, except Mr. Collins, had anything to do with steamships, and that Mr. Collins was not so very much compromised, as he was only elected as a successor to somebody else, whose successor—the *Journal* forgot to mention—he has continued to be up to the present time. We had no intention, in our article the other day, to revive a discussion about this Union Committee movement, but, as the *Journal* presumes to question our statements, and to deny all connection between that organization and the late appropriations to ocean steamers, we will submit our evidence, and leave the question of accuracy at issue between us with the public for decision. First, we will give a list of the original Union Safety Committee, as announced in the *Journal of Commerce* immediately after it was raised:

George Wood,	David W. Catlin,
Moses Taylor,	Wm. M. Richards,
Hiram Ketchum,	Edwin Hoyt,
Schuyler Livingston,	Ephraim Halbrook,
Charles G. Carleton,	Wm. S. Miller,
Gideon Ostrander,	Reuben Withers,
Joshua J. Henry,	Charles B. Spicer,
Joseph Kernochan,	A. M Cozzens,
Francis S. Lathrop,	Ogden Hoffman,
Charles O'Conor,	Richard Burleu,
Marshall O Roberts,	James T. Brady,
Henry Grinnell,	Wm. A. Bannister,
Robt. Smith,	Stewart Brown,
Charles E Butler,	Sam'l D. Babcock,
O. D. F. Grant,	Henry R. Dunham,
Robt. C. Wetmore,	John R. Walter,
Sam'l L. Mitchill,	Alfred Large,
George D. Gillespie,	R. B. Milliken,
Albert J. Anderson,	T. E. Davis,
Geo. Griswold, Jr.,	Stephen Whitney,
James Bryce,	Richard K. Haight,
E. Cheeseborough,	G. A. Conover,
Sam'l G. Goodrich,	G. D. Babcock,
Francis Griffen,	Israel Corse,
E. K. Collins,	James Fellows,
John M. Bradhurst,	Henry Ludlam,
Wm. Stevens,	Sam'l Cornell,
Sam'l E. Sproull,	Thomas Tenner,
John McKeon,	Isaac Townsends.
Charles M. Conolly,	Nicholas Dean,
Joseph Lawrence,	Ralph Clark,
Wm. B Astor,	J. A. Westervelt,
E. B. Hyer,	George B. Butler,
James E. Thayer,	Wm T. Ross,
Jacob Aims,	Wm. H. Webb,
Lucien B. Chase,	Sam'l H. Foster,
John D. Van Beuren,	James B. Murray,
James W. Gerard,	J. L. Hale,
James Munroe.	Edward Sanford,
Andrew Mount,	B. M. Whitlock,
Thos. W. Phelps,	Wm. M. Lambert,
Sydney Brooks,	George Douglass,
Wm. S. Wetmore,	G. W. Hempstone,
F. Cottinet,	Alfred G. Benson,
Nelson Robinson,	Nicholas Ludlam,
James Brooks,	John C. Green,
John J. Cisco,	Gerard Halleck,
Dennis Perkins,	Edward Curtis,
S. T. Nicholl,	John Cleaveland.
J. Philips Phœnix,	

To this committee several persons were afterwards added, by election, to fill seats vacated under the rules of the committee, in consequence of absence at a series of sessions. Who compose the committee at present, we are not able to say precisely.

In running our eye over the list of merchants and lawyers, all more or less eminent, we find the following gentlemen, who, to our knowledge, are interested in United States ocean mail steamer contracts: Marshall O. Roberts, agent for the Law and Aspinwall line of Chagres steamers, and James E. Thayer. A. G. Benson was interested at that time, we understood, but subsequently quarrelled with Law, and latterly has been speculating in guano with Mr. Webster This line, received from Congress, last winter, $658,250. Reuben Withers is, or was, a stockholder, and we believe a director, in the Panama Railroad, which depends entirely for its construction and value upon this line of steamers.

Henry Grinnell, Wm. S. Wetmore, E K. Collins, Stewart Brown, are the principal proprietors and directors of the Collins line of steamers, which received from the last Congress a bonus of about half a million over and above what they are entitled to by their contract for carrying the New York and Liverpool mail. The entire sum, as we have already stated, was $858,000. Henry Ludlam belongs to the firm of Ludlam & Pleasants, who are agents for the New York and Norfolk United States Mail Steamers. Samuel I. Mitchell is agent for the New York and Savannah line of United States Mail Steamers.

Jacob A. Westervelt, our much esteemed, and certain-to-be-elected Democratic candidate for Mayor, is one of the directors of the Ocean Steam Navigation Company, to which the contract for carrying the mails to Bremen and Havre were given. As the *Journal* denies that any of these companies were represented in the Union Safety Committee, we have pleasure in referring it to its own advertising columns for the evidence of which we have availed ourselves. We were near overlooking James Brooks, the Hon editor of the *Express*, who is also a member of this committee, who was supported as a candidate for Congress in the Sixth District of this city by George Law, and elected by Democratic votes, and who very mysteriously received a present of an elegant coach during his sojourn in Washington, from parties who found it expedient to conceal their names from the public.

So much for the original members of the committee. Now, we will invoke information from another quarter. Among the Vice Presidents of the meeting at Castle Garden on the 30th October, which appointed the Union Safety Committee, we find the names of Henry Chauncey and Wm. H. Aspinwall, and among the Secretaries, Robert C. Wetmore, all stockholders, to large amounts, in the Law and Aspinwall line, and Mortimer Livingston, the agent and stockholder of the Havre line of steamships, also one of the Vice-Presidents.

Among the prominent and earliest signers to the call for the meeting, whose names are published at length in a pamphlet by order of the committee, that all to whom they owed their organic existence might have the benefit of the affiliation, we find the names of Alsop & Chauncey, Wm. H. Aspinwall, Egber Howland, Davis, Brooks & Co., Wm. E. Howland, Brown, Bros. & Co., S. S. Howland, J. S. Aspinwall and Persse & Brooks, petitioners for a line of steamers to Ireland, and perhaps fifty others, all more or less deeply interested in steamboat contracts.

So much for the originators of the Union Safety Committee. Now let us take a look at the Society after it has advanced a year in its career of patriotism.

We find the following article in the *National Intelligencer* of October 5th, 1851, about one month previous to our fall election of that year:

UNION SENTIMENT IN NEW YORK.—The *Journal of Commerce* of Saturday last, [the 4th] presents, conspicuously, the following proceedings, nobly sustaining the Compromise measures of last year, and expressing a determination to support no man for any office under the State or General Government who is understood to be hostile to them:

"NEW YORK, September 18, 1851.

"We, the undersigned, do pledge ourselves that at the ensuing election, to take place in this State on the 4th day of November next, we will, in voting, faithfully and fairly carry out the 8th resolution of the Union Meeting at Castle Garden, held on the 30th of October last, which resolution is in the following words:

"'8. Resolved, That, in the opinion of this meeting, a further agitation of the Slavery question in Congress would be fraught with incalculable danger to our Union and that we will support no candidate at the ensuing or any other election, for State officers or for members of Congress or of the Legislature, who is known or believed to be hostile to the peace measures recently adopted by Congress, or any of them or in favour of reopening the questions involved in them for renewed agitation.'"

To this pledge of fealty to the principles of the Union are signed several thousand names, of the general character of which the reader may form some estimate from the following, being the first twenty on the list:

Wm. C. Rhinelander,	C. W. Lawrence,
Benj. M. Whitlock,	James Brown,
S. S. Howland,	John Hannagan,
Wm. Chauncey,	Samuel W. Comstock,
Morris Ketchum,	Nathaniel Hayden,
Wm. H. Aspinwall,	George Douglass,
John L. Aspinwall,	Ab'm. B. Van Nest,
J. Boorman,	Henry Grinnell,
Hiram Ketchum,	Stewart Brown,
Thomas Suffern,	Henry Chauncey.

Of these twenty gentlemen, ten, at least, and perhaps more, are interested in United States mail steamboat contracts. The call they signed, resulted in the construction of a ticket for the city and State officers, composed half of Whigs and half of Democratic candidates, but all compromise men. And this ticket, the steamboat interest was understood to support, for the purpose of satisfying the members of Congress of both political parties, that they had no such political prejudice as would prevent them from casting their votes in the direction of their interests, whether it led them into the embrace of Whigs or Democrats.

It is in the face of all these facts, and in face of the fact that the *Journal of Commerce*, the special organ of the Union Safety Committee, edited by two of its members, who advocated the appropriation of one and a half millions of dollars to Collins & Co., although repeatedly committed against the principle of such appropriations, now has the assurance to deny—what we have shown to be susceptible of demonstration—that the Union Committee derived its whole force and vitality from the steamboat interest, and that it practically expired the moment its uses in this way were exhausted.

We presume we have said enough upon this subject to satisfy our readers, and perhaps more than will edify them, but we must be pardoned for insisting upon the general truth of our allegations, not merely as a matter of justice to ourselves, but because they concern a subject of no ordinary or ephemeral importance.

Domestic Correspondence.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

NO. CXI.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The Correspondent dubitateth as to beginnings — But findeth ease — And how— The Webster Company of Comedians — Faneuil Hall Theatre—The latest performance—A new Chairman —The services conducted decently and in order and by whom—Commissioner Curtis' Address—Joy in Whigdom over the loss of a Speech—The Whig Convention—Webster in the Vocative Case—Even in Boston — Failure of Stockjobbing experiment — Breeches pocket of Whig Committee—The Democrats at Fitchburg—The Correspondent divideth and defineth them aptly—And giveth a brief history of their doings—He speculateth on the chances of Truck and Dicker, is sententious, pathetic and deductive—The Free Soilers at Lowell—More about Coalition—Mr. Palfrey and Mr. Mann—The Correspondent giveth his opinion of Mr. Hallet—What he is—What he has done—And what a Free Soil Council have given him to do—The Correspondent journeyeth—Springfield—The Thompson Mob—Burning of the Hampden House—Suspicions of Arson—He bewaileth its loss—Visiteth Northampton—Views from Mt. Holyoke — Mr. Phillips Anti-Slavery Lectures in Northampton—A Rival of Jenny Lind, &c., &c., &c.*

BOSTON, Sept. 27th, 1852.

IT is so long since I wrote to you last, that I hardly know where to take up the thread of my narrative. But as it is always the head of the table where MacCullumore sits, so I cannot be far wrong if I begin with the Webster Whigs. This company of Comedians repeated their farce, in spite of its very cool reception by a discerning Public, two or three weeks ago, in Faneuil Hall. You know that it is no new use to make of the Old Hall. It was turned into a theatre by the British officers during the seige. But those amateurs were not fit to snuff the candles of these. I went to the Convention—the Mass Meeting—called in the morning to nominate Mr. Webster. The hall was about a quarter full, of which number perhaps a hundred appeared to take any part in the proceedings. They got a new Chairman (*very* new, for I have not been able to find anybody that had ever heard of him) to replace poor old Mr. Williams, and some half dozen very respectable merchants, but perfectly insignificant, politically speaking, to act as Vice Presidents. The Rev. Hubbard Winslow again conducted the services on the occasion, having for his colleague a Mr. Charles Torrey, whose ministrations were, doubtless, instructive and edifying. Then they had an Address said to be written by the Sims Commissioner, Curtis, and I believe a list of Electors. Commissioner Curtis has, at length, come out as a Webster man, to the great joy of the Scott Whigs; for, he being personally the most universally disliked of any man in Massachusetts, his loss is one of those which is accounted as gain. He is the only man of the smallest note that has joined the Webster *Stampede*. They were to hold a Meeting in the evening, at which Mr. Winslow announced that there would be, as Dickens says we say, "some of our most remarkable men" to assist. But I did not go, and have never seen the names of these worthies recorded anywhere, so you must die in ignorance, unless you have some better authority than your unworthy Correspondent.

The Whigs and Democrats have also held their State Conventions, each of which was significant in its way. At Worcester, the Scott Whigs had it all their own way. Websterism scarcely so much as *peeped*. Every contemptuous allusion to Webster, of which there were many, was received with shouts of applause, and he was utterly rolled in the dirt under the heels of his own Whig party. If ever there was a man disgraced and degraded, it is Mr. Webster. Even in Boston—his strong hold, if he had any—at the Convention for nominating a candidate for Elector, his man had but about *ten* votes to about *forty* for the Scott candidate. And this, I suppose, about represents the proportions of Scott and Webster men, even there. And this Webster demonstration is understood to have utterly failed of the object for which it was permitted to go on. The Whig Central Committee have kept their breeches-pocket hermetically sealed. Poor Mr. Webster has sunk so low that his services are not worth buying at any price. This stock-jobbing trick has utterly failed in trumping up that fancy stock in this market. The Democrats, too, have met at Fitchburg, where battle was joined between the Hunkers and the Coalitionists. That is to say, between those Democrats who see nothing but Slavery in the theory and Spoils in the practice of the Constitution, and those who have some glimmerings of decency left unquenched. The first look only to Washington and care nothing about the State. Their game is Cabinet Offices, Ambassadorships, Collectorships, fat Post Offices. The other wing are more modestly content with places in the State Senate and House, and such small drippings as may fall into the pan of Massachusetts, and are therefore willing to join with the Free Soilers to keep the Whigs from ruling the Roast.

The first are blatant against any such *sectionalism* (the newest name for *Anti-Slavery*), and are rampant in their Nationalism (which, being interpreted into the vernacular, meaneth *pro-slavery*), that thereby they may make friends with the Mammon of Unrighteousness, at Headquarters. But it happened, curiously enough, that although the Hunkers had almost all the prominent men of the party on their side, and made ten times the most noise, yet when it came to a vote they were in a minority of about *one hundred* to *eight hundred!* Which shows how very strong the Coalition strength is in the rank and file of the Democracy. It certainly looks very much as if the Calition might retain the heritage which they entered into and possessed two years ago (thanks to Mr. Webster's Seventh of March Speech), for another year, at least. The Maine Liquor Law is one impediment in the way—the Free Soilers having made it a part of their platform—and the difficulty of the Democrats finding a man for United States Senator whom the Free Soilers can vote for without damning themselves to infamy. If poor Rantoul had only lived, all would have been plain sailing. He would have had the Senatorship and Mr. Mann the Governorship, without dispute. But almost all the prominent Democrats have been rolling in the dirt before the South for so long, that a decent man can hardly touch them. I would suggest to them to choose the Democratic candidate Governor, and to send Mr. Mann to the Senate! This arrangement I think should be generally satisfactory. It is a little odd that Massachusetts should have lost three of her representatives in less than as many months—Mr. Rantoul, Mr. Fowler, and Mr. Thompson.

The Free Soilers had a very large and enthusiastic Convention at Lowell on a very rainy day. I did not go up, inasmuch as they had imprudently selected the very day of the Webster Convention, and, of course, I had to yield to the force of the greater attraction. From the numbers and spirit, I should augur well for the prospects of another Truck and Dicker. Their saddling themselves (quite unnecessarily, as it seems to me) with the Liquor Law is, as I have hinted above, the main *hitch* in the way of their success. I do not see the necessity or policy of throwing Mr. Palfrey over in the cavalier sort of way they did, without even throwing a civil word at him. Mr. Mann is a very good candidate, and, if chosen, will not allow the Laws of the State to be trampled on as Gov. Boutwell did. But neither would Mr. Palfrey, and Mr. Mann might, by possibility, be re-elected to Congress, which Mr. Palfrey could not be. I, however, have cared very little about the success of the Coalition, since the Coalition Council confirmed the nomination of Benjamin F. Hallet, the man who insulted the State and its Legislature in the most impudent manner at the time of the Sims' kidnapping, who was the first man in the State to offer his services, as commissioner, publicly to the slave-catchers, and who was their tool in the Examinations after the Shadrach Rescue! I think a party very little deserves success that tries to buy off such a wretch as this by an office. And an office to do what? Why, to reduce to a system the rules of Evidence to be used in our Courts! At any rate, it is something to do with *Evidence!* Hallet and the Law of Evidence! "Such names mingled!"

I have nothing of a private and particular nature to communicate of an edifying nature. Except, indeed, that I made a visit, of a semi-public character, to the city of Springfield, for the first time since I was mobbed there in company with Mr. Thompson. I forthwith walked down to revisit the Hampden House, the scene of that event. To my great regret I found that it had been burnt down, and that a row of shops was building on its site. I was sorry to see no more the scene of one of the most entertaining days, and of two of the merriest nights, I ever spent. I heard it suggested that the fire was probably applied by the Webster Whigs who got the Mob up, after it had failed of its purpose, in order to conceal from men's eyes the scene of their disgrace. This, however, wants confirmation. And one can hardly suppose that even they would wantonly destroy the only historical building in the town—the scene of the only transaction that will entitle it to a place in history. Why, I don't believe Arnold himself would have destroyed Westpoint, if he could! I extended my excursion to Northampton to visit Mr. Wendell Phillips, who is summering there. In his company I enjoyed, after a fast of many years, the prospects from the ascent and summit of Mount Holyoke, which were unusually attractive on the afternoon we saw them He has delivered two Anti-Slavery lectures (the last on *Garrisonism*) in the Town Hall, to the largest audiences ever collected in it, except by Jenny Lind.

I wish the collectors of my Works in future ages to remark a misprint in my last Epistle, which might (from the weight of my authority) lead to a serious historical error. It was not *Baden* where Charles XII. charged the Ottoman army at the head of his cook and butler, but *Bender*, a much more likely place for such a knight-errantlike adventure.—D. Y.

Foreign Correspondence.

FROM OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT.

DUBLIN, September 10, 1852.

MY DEAR GAY: As the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is an Anti-Slavery event of great importance in its probable results, I do not wish you should so far mistake me as some of my friends have done who saw the letter I wrote you, in which I made some reference to the causes that impeded its immediate popularity on this side of the Atlantic. When I meant to say that the small, close print of the first English edition prevented the loud acclaim which I anticipated, from the first, for Mrs. Stowe's admirable tale, I was interested to state that the book was not popular here. Nothing could be farther from the truth. First came the crammed and crowded half crown edition; then another equally crammed and crowded, and with a smaller margin and worse paper, for a shilling; then an edition in octavo, for seven shillings and sixpence, with larger type and a number of wood cuts; then the same edition for three and sixpence, without the cuts. The last was published in this form, complete with the fifth edition, at the same price, by Bosworth, in Regent Street, handsomely printed in the same shape as the American edition, but in one volume only, in smaller type, and without illustrations. Last of all comes a sixpenny edition, not much inferior to the first, but in the shape of a small newspaper. Wherever you go on the railways in England, and the booksellers' shops throughout the empire, "Uncle Tom" bears the bell. The sale is astonishing, and the wholesale booksellers can keep their supply up only a very few days. The last work of fiction that excited much great sensation in England was "Jane Eyre;" but as "Uncle Tom" is not protected by copyright, I am persuaded he is known to fifty of our population for one who ever heard of Jane. Bosworth's edition is called the authoress's, as it is the only one in the sale of which the authoress has any interest. I therefore hope it may have a good sale. It is the prettiest yet published in England, but is not equal to the original American edition, which is very handsome and readable, while the illustrative designs are very good indeed, much truer to nature and more elegant than we commonly see in English or American books.

As England was served by the expulsion of the silk weavers from France at the time of the revocation of the ediot of Nantes, so I have been informed that the popular taste in matters connected with art is likely to be elevated and improved by the great number of artists and other men of taste and refinement who have been obliged to emigrate to the United States by the counter-revolutions on the continent of Europe.

It may amuse you to know that "Uncle Tom" has been honoured with a bitter pro-slavery censure, three and a half columns long, in the London *Times*. The *Times* you know to be an unprincipled paper of great ability, of the same kind of reputation, though perhaps not quite so infamous, as the *New York Herald*. It is said of each paper in its respective locality that although everybody hates it, everybody reads it. If the criticism on Mrs. Stowe's book in the *Times* had been published in the *Herald*, it could not have been animated by a more unscrupulous pro-slavery spirit. It is evidently written by a slaveholder and a Colonisationist. The importance of the abolition of Slavery is spoken of as a mere bagatelle in comparison with the dangers to be dreaded from a dissolution of the Union. You would suppose, to hear the *Times*, that the slaveholders were only anxious for the liberation of their slaves as soon as possible, and that their whole policy was animated by the fact that this object was, of all others, the nearest to their hearts. The writer talks of Liberia as the land of promise to the coloured man in America, and of the glorious project that opens before the United States as the civilizers and christianizers of Africa by the agency of her departed slaves. He talks of the 2,000 elevated American freemen of Liberia, and her native population of 200,000 souls; but he does not say that these 2,000 missionaries whom the slaveholders of the South have presented to Africa have been nearly thirty-five years in getting there, or that the great Mother of Liberty, enthroned in Washington, has not yet acknowledged her Baby, the Black Republic on the coast of Africa. The critic is heavy upon Slavery *en masse*, but he has not a syllable to say against the infinite meanneesses and cruelties by which it is inevitably accompanied, or the shuffling, truckling and contemptible course to which United States politicians are driven in their attempt to reconcile the requisitions of the inhuman slaveholders with their own hollow profession of attachment to the cause of God and humanity. The weak points in the construction of Mrs. Stowe's story are indicated with the merciless gusto of a professor of morbid anatomy; and the invincible non-resistance of Uncle Tom is ridiculed in terms which involuntarily, and sometimes in plain terms, bring to your recollection certain passages of the Sermon on the Mount which are liable to the same criticism. He jeers at the sudden and wonderful conversion of some of her subordinate characters, by which the authoress endeavours to console us for the horrible martyrdom of her hero. I attribute these to the somewhat exalted orthodoxy of the writer, which I look upon as a most fortunate circumstance in the book, for in the United States it undoubtedly gilds the pill to tens of thousands of pro-slavery stomachs, and in Great Britain tens of thousands more are satisfied in consideration of the rigidity of its dogma to accept an admirable novel, glowing with eloquence, genius and dramatic power, as a very useful and edifying tale—and such it unquestionably is. The *Times* finally begs we may have no more "Uncle Toms"—if we will leave them alone, the slaveholders will get rid of Slavery in their own way and time. All that everybody else has to do is "to stand and wait." God bless Harriet Beecher Stowe. She has written a book that all the pens that ever wrote in the *Times* could not put down, and that will surely continue to thrill the hearts and rouse the sympathies of coming ages when American Slavery, like the Slavery of the British West Indies, shall be a wonder of the past. The truth is, that the English press is infested by American pro-slavery writers. A pro-slavery American has impudence for anything, and would thrust himself anywhere to lessen the infamy of his own practice and principle by excusing the participators of his guilt in other countries. The ignorance and indifference respecting other parts of the world, so prevalent in England, lay Englishmen peculiarly open to be infested by their travelling wolves. From my past acquaintance with American Slavery and the Abolition movement, I have forseen and declared that unless we are contented to imbibe the unprincipled doctrines of the pro-slavery portion of the American people, our only safety lies in cultivating the friendship and becoming imbued with the doctrines and acquainted with the design of the Abolitionists. A book like "Uncle Tom's Cabin," imbued as it is for the greater part (always excepting its leanings to Colonisation) with the power and force of truth, and the passion of a noble nature, was needed to neutralise the subtle moral poison instilled by thousands of American visitors who hate the slave more than they love liberty, and of no small number of recreant British ministers of the Gospel—wolves in sheep's clothing—who have done more, since returning from their American travels, to deaden the once vigorous Anti-Slavery feeling of the British people than they have ever done good in their capacity of guides to Heaven.

Besides doing its best to uphold absolutism in Europe, and Slavery in the United States, a third great object of the *Times* newspaper is to promulgate a spirit of contempt, hatred and fear towards Ireland amongst the people of Great Britain, which must greatly impede the welfare of this unfortunate country. In yesterday's *Times* was an article full of unmeasured tirades against us, and calling us, amongst other things, "a nation of homicides." The truth is, that the number of ferocious murders and assaults is much greater, in proportion to the relative population of the two countries, and far more disgusting and brutal, in England than in Ireland.

Yours ever truly, RICHARD D. WEBB.

Miscellaneous News.

A SALE of a portion of the personal property of the late Hon. Henry Clay took place at Ashland on the 15th instant, and embraced about twenty head of thorough-bred cat tle, several fine horses, and a quantity of wine, put up several years ago by Mr. Clay himself. The sale took place under the direction of his executors.

THERE has been great trouble and distress of mind in Boston, caused by the fear of losing the Sunday pot of baked beans, through the determination of the city authorities to carry out the law for the observance of the Sabbath. It was feared that the bakers would no longer be allowed to deliver that necessary of New England existence on that holy day. But on Tuesday last, men's minds were made easy by a decision in the Police Court, in which it was decided that the delivery of bread, milk, and *baked beans*, from a shop on Sunday, does not come within the prohibition of the statute against traffic on the Lord's day, but that this kind of traffic comes under the exception of works of necessity and charity.

THE REV. DR. PENNINGTON, pastor of a congregation of coloured persons in this city, (says the *Post*) states, that his parish extends from No. 1 Pearl street to 65th street; and from Hoboken to Brooklyn and Williamsburgh; so that in the discharge of his pastoral duties, he is constantly called to different points, and from one extremity to the other of this immense field. And yet (in consequence of his complexion) he cannot avail himself of the use of any line of omnibuses, or any one of the multiplying lines of railways. The reverend gentleman thinks his case a hard one.

THE FLORIDA INDIANS.—We learn, but not officially, that preliminary arrangements have been entered into with Billy Bowlegs, by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, for the removal of the remnant of the Seminoles now in Florida, to the West of the Mississippi river, and that the emigration will commence during the present season. Every thing necessary to their comfort on the journey, and at their new homes, will be afforded. They ardently desire to remain for a longer period in the land of their fathers, not fully appreciating the dangers to which they are exposed—the whites being impatient for a full execution of the treaty, made twenty years ago between the Government and the Seminoles, and which is now required, by necessity, to be carried into effect. —*Washington Republic, September 21st.*

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—Dr. Jackson, of Boston, states that he has made a series of experiments which go to demonstrate that the deaths which, in some instances, have resulted from the use of chloroform, were occasionsd by the bad quality of the chloroform itself. When manufactured from pure rectified alcohol, it is quite harmless, but when manufactured from New England rum, and "rot-gut" whiskey, both of which contain "fusil oil," one of the deadliest of poisons, the oil combines with the chloroform, and renders it exceedingly dangerous. Those, therefore, who have occasion to use this agent, should be careful to obtain it from such sources that they can fully rely on its purity. It ought to be made a punishable offence to manufacture or sell that which is impure.—*Worcester Spy.*

DIFFICULTY WITH THE NEGROES IN ILLINOIS.—The St. Louis *Evening News*, says a gentleman from Carlisle, in Illinois, states that a few days since a difficulty arose at that place between some citizens and a party of free negroes. It grew out of a fight that took place between a negro boy and a son of ex-Senator Breese. The father of the negro boy interfered, and gave Judge Breese's son a beating. Others interfered, and party after party became involved on each side, until the excitement became general. The citizens took the negroes who had first offended, tied them up and whipped them. Three other negroes who had somehow signalized themselves in the difficulty, were served in like manner. Some of the citizens, in the course of the excitement, loaded a cannon with several pounds of buckshot, and fired it at a negro house. There were only two occupants in at the time, one of whom received a slight injury. The negroes were ordered to leave the place in three days, and threatened with similar treatment if they fail to comply.—*Norfolk Herald.*

OLE BULL'S SETTLEMENT IN PENNSYLVANIA.—*The Times*, in an article upon the new settlement recently made by Ole Bull, in Potter County, Pa., says:

Within the last fortnight, OLE BULL, accompanied by a few friends, took some thirty of the first founders of this Colony to their future homes, consisting of those whose mechanical skill would soon rear, under the waving arms of the forest comfortable abodes. He selected a site for the embryo city. A lady from New York, who, with her husband, JOHN HOPPER, Esq. accompanied him, cut down the first tree with her own hands, and after the active colonists had converted it into a flag-staff, and planted it, she run up the Norwegian banner with the stripes and stars, and named the place over which they floated, *Oleona*; thus typifying the Norwegian graft upon the American Aboriginal stock, Curious enough, *Oleana* had already become a familiar name in that vicinity. It was also ordained, in her proposal, that the sign which should beckon the traveller to the first inn should proclaim the motto, "In union there is strength," and exhibit the device of an American and Norwegian Bear, in fond embrace—a Bear's hug, which, we hope, may never lack cordiality. The axe immediately began to awake the distant echoes, the hammer to ring upon the anvil, the adze to glance through the bark, and all was preparation and activity. In the evening, numerous bonfires illuminated this new home, and blazed in the woods, and the gifted founder having addressed his countrymen in their native language, and the Americans in an eloquent English harrangue, seized his favourite instrument, and in the concert-room of the forest, and under that starlights, drew his wizard bow with an energy, gladness and inspiration which no audience, regal or republican, had ever enjoyed before.

A CARD.—BOSTON, Sept. 18, 1852.—*Editors of Commonwealth:* On the eve of leaving this city for my home in Philadelphia, after a short but very pleasant sojourn among the freedom-loving people of the old Bay State, I desire to express (through the columns of your valuable journal) my heart-felt gratitude—first, to the Committee who so long and so faithfully exerted themselves for my liberation; and secondly, to all those who, since my release, have extended to me the fraternal hand, and kindly contributed to relieve the necessities of my family. Wherever I have been in the State, whether in public assemblies or private circles, among the most humane and virtuous portion of the community, my reception has been warm and hearty, as a sufferer, in the cause of down-trodden liberty. The sympathy thus extended to me, and the verdict thus rendered (together with the approving voice of a good conscience), make my long imprisonment at Washington seem of little moment, and confirm the declaration of a noble poet, that

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

My health, which has been so seriously impaired by my confinement, is slowly improving; but whether it will ever again be fully restored is somewhat uncertain, and not at all probable.

The following is the amount of pecuniary aid I have received in Massachusetts: from friends in Boston, $75.00; do. in New Bedford, (including $10.66 contributed at a meeting of coloured friends), $32 13; do. in Nantucket, $23 00; do. in Dartmouth, $18 25; do. in Lynn, $21 00; a friend in Dorchester $4.00; do. in Peacham, Vt., (by letter) $1 00. Total, $221 38. DANIEL DRAYTON.

VISIT OF BILLY BOWLEGS AND HIS COMPANIONS.—*The Times* thus chronicles the movements of this distinguished party of Seminoles who visited this city last week:

After BILLY BOWLEGS and his companions had breakfasted, and washed down their throats with beverage from the bar, three coaches were called, and Gen. BLAKE, hanging in his precious charge, proceeded to the store of Messrs. GRANT & HARROW, Dry Goods dealers, in William street. This being the house which furnishes the Indians with dry goods, BILLY was anxious to see the "big store." A favourite phrase of BILLY'S is "fust-rate," and as he walked around and looked at pile after pile of high-coloured calicoes and other gaudy goods, he did not restrain his praise. All was, to his appreciation, "fust-rate," and the comparative commendation of separate articles was only to be made out from the emphasis which the Seminole placed upon the words. Considerable time was consumed in looking at the dry goods, after which Gen. B. took BILLY and two of his companions to the Howard Hotel, and introduced them to some friends, after which they again returned to the store in William street. Having concluded their visit to the establishment of Messrs. G. & B., the delegation next visited, by invitation, one of the newspaper offices, and witnessed the wonderful performance of Hoe's lightning press. After looking on, first curiously and then vacantly, BILLY and his companions began to cast their eyes about the press-room, and at last BILLY summed up the admiration of all, and becoming spokesman for the rest, declared the whole performance (which he supposed was gotten up for their special benefit) "Fust rate." By the time they had concluded their inspection of the press-room an immense crowd of men and boys had gathered around the carriages, so that it was with some difficulty they regained their places in the vehicles at the door. As soon as the copper-coloured lions had taken their seats in the carriages, the urchins opened their hundreds of throats and gave all sorts of juvenile yells, whoops, and tiger calls. The demonstration pleased BILLY wonderfully, and looking as complacently as he could upon the crowd of newsboys, he said, "fust rate," and the carriage drove off to the American Hotel, where, again wetting their whistles, they returned to their room in the fourth story, and amused themselves by looking out upon the passing throng in Broadway. During their morning visit, old ABRAM, the Negro interpreter accompanied the Chiefs, and seemed much quicker to appreciate the merits of what was shown them than the Seminoles. ABRAM is, beyond all doubt a shrewd old fellow. He has a great deal of fun about him, old as he is.

In the evening the party visited "CHRISTY'S Minstrels," where a front bench had been reserved for them. Just as the performances had commenced, one of the Chiefs became suddenly indisposed, and was obliged to procure the aid of two attendants, who escorted him to his carriage. The Croton water which he had imbibed during the day evidently disagreed with his stomach, and it was malicious on the part of the person who said, "There goes a drunken Ingen" just as the poor dear Seminole had taken his seat languishingly in the carriage. Croton water don't have the same effect upon every constitution, and it is cruel to charge our red celebrities with the vice of intemperance, or to hint at the probability of their being inebriated, unless plain facts warrant the conclusion.

It was amusing to see the effect which the performance of the "songs" had upon the Indians who remained. At first they put on the look of stoical indifference which they habitually observe; but as the performers progressed from step to step in their ludicrous exhibition, the row of stern visages began to relax, until at length BILLY BOWLEGS and two or three of his companions broke out into a loud "haw haw" and kept up a laughing accompaniment until "Polka Burlesque was introduced. This completely destroyed their gravity, and the whole delegation jumped up and down and clapped their hands, exhibiting a perfect delirium of delight. At the conclusion of the performances, the party drove off laughing and talking as merrily as a company of city bucks. Old ABRAM particularly, was in the highest spirits, and just as the coachman cracked his whip, BOWLEGS sung out "fust rate."

The delegation are to leave to-day for Florida, *via* Savannah. We wish them a "fust rate time."

CURIOUS ECCLESIASTICAL TRIAL.—A very singular trial before the Elders of a Presbyterian Church in Beaver Co. Pa., has just been concluded. To give a full account of it would make a long story, but we shall endeavour to give the leading points. Two farmers, members of the same church, surrendered portions of their lands for the construction of the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad. Mr. A. gave the right of way for nothing, and also grounds for a station which was needed on his farm. B. received $5,000 damages and other considerations. A. went into the business of selling lots around the station, and is gradually making money. B. having received his damages in "a pile," after some time got tired of his bargain and entered suit against the Railroad Company for having defrauded him, and succeeded in working himself into a most hearty hatred of rails, locomotives, and everything connected therewith, and when he saw that A. was pleased with the railroad and was likely to make money out of the improvement, included him in his displeasure. The suit against the railroad has not progressed very rapidly, and in the mean time Mr. B. thought there was a chance of punishing Mr. A., and bringing the railroad into disgrace, at a single stroke; so he accused his neighbour and fellow-member, before the Church, of grossly immoral conduct. A trial was granted, and before the assembled Elders Mr. B. solemnly accused Mr. A. of owning stock in a railroad that practised and encouraged immorality; the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad having, as he alleged, broken the Sabbath by running cars and making repairs; and having injured the cause of Temperance by carrying barrels of whiskey as freight!

It was admitted that the cars had run on Sunday, when the Saturday night train unavoidably fell behind time; that barrels of whiskey might have been shipped on the freight train; and lastly, that Mr. A. was a stock-holder; then, we need scarcely add, the Elders most solemnly acquitted Mr. A. of the charges against him.

But Mr. B. will not permit the purity of the Church to be sullied in this manner. He intends to appeal to the Synod, which will assemble in this city next month, and after that will, no doubt, carry the case to the highest tribunal of all—the General Assembly.—*Pittsburg Journal.*

ABOLITION.—Every where and every day we hear it said, "Slavery is very bad. We hate it. But *it can't be helped.*" *Can't be helped!* What! Is there no God? And what then is the use of the religion upon which we expend so much time and money? But it *can* be helped; and that noble act of British Emancipation proves the possibility.

In that book which was published by the two gentlemen who visited the British West Indies to learn the result of emancipation, and which the Hon. Edward Everett said (and it liked to have cost him the mission to England for daring to say as much) that it proved Abolition to be feasible—in that book, you recollect (the statement is too striking ever to be forgotten) that in the Island of Antigua, which contained 30,000 whites and 70,000 blacks, and which was the only island that accepted the act of emancipation unconditionally, without any previous apprenticeship system, the next Christmas after the act went into effect, was the first Christmas for many years when it was not necessary to call out the military to preserve order. A fact like this speaks volumes as to the safety of Abolition.—*W. H. Furness.*

THE following account of a meeting with ex-Senator Benton, is from a late number of *Frederick Douglass' Paper*:

An incident occurred at the

Miscellaneous Department.

A HISTORY OF RINGS.

It is astonishing how much of interest lies within the circumference of a ring, with what a variety of events its uses are blended, and how many important ones it has figured in. Old as the oldest records of human history, we find it used amongst the Egyptians, as a type of trust and a badge of power, at the period when the shepherd sons of Jacob sold their brother. Even previous to that great epoch in the life of the wise and well-favoured Joseph, when Pharaoh, investing him with a rank only second to his own, bestowed as the sign of it the *ring* that was on his finger, we find the *signet* mentioned; so that in all probability the inventor of the fashion of wearing them, who Pliny tells us is unknown, may have been that primal artificer in brass and iron, old Tubal Cain himself.

The signet rings worn by the Israelites and other Eastern nations, appear to have borne inscriptions and devices like our own; for in the description of the breast-plate of the high priest, it is distinctly stated that the twelve precious stones with which it was set were inscribed with the names of the children of Israel, "like the *engravings of a signet*, every one with his name according to the twelve tribes."

Very tragic in Scripture are the occasions on which we usually find the signet referred to; Jezebel seals the warrant for the death of Naboth with her husband's, the king's; and the decree for the massacre of the Jews, which the beauty and policy of Esther prevented, was sealed with the ring of Ahasuerus.

From an expression of the prophet Jeremiah's we find that the Jews wore their signets on the right hand; and the importance in which they were held, may be gathered from the same passage. (Jeremiah xxii., 24.)

But besides the Hebrews and Egyptians, the Babylonians, Chaldeans and Persians are known at a very early period to have made use of the signet. The despatches which Alexander sent into Europe he sealed (according to Quintus Curtius) with his own ring, but those which he wrote into Asia bore the signet of Darius.

Pliny imagines, from their not having been mentioned by Homer, that the Greeks were ignorant of the use of the ring, until the time of the Trojan war; after which period they wore them, as English wives do, on the third finger of the left hand, and gave the same reason, namely, that this finger communicates by a small nerve with the heart, which was presumed by sympathy to act upon it, and prevent the hand lending itself to any dishonourable action.

From the Greeks the Sabines are supposed to have borrowed the custom of wearing rings, which they did as early as the time of Romulus; but a long period seems to have elapsed before the Romans adopted them, and no traces of their official use, as an appendage to the statutes of their kings, is to be found before the reigns of Numa and Servius Tullius.

Pliny, who has left us much interesting information on this subject, tells us that the ancient Romans made use of gold, silver and iron rings, as distinguishing marks of the condition or quality of the wearers, and that all were originally worn on the little finger.

Marius, in his third Consulate (650 of the Roman year), is said to have been the first who wore a golden ring. And we also learn that not even a senator was allowed to wear this precious circlet, unless he had been ambassador at a foreign court, nor could he then (if given him in public) except upon public occasions.

Subsequently the gold ring became the badge of a knight; but in the progress of time these primitive distinctions, which limited the people to the wearing of silver ones, and bound the slave's finger with iron, became lost, and we find the gold annulus of the patrician girdling the broad fingers of the *plebs*, and even granted by Severus as a privilege of the common soldiers; nor could the edict issued by Nero, forbidding their use, recall them afterwards to their several orders.

Originally only one ring had been worn, but as the love of ornament grew stronger, the Roman beaux adorned each finger with them, and shortly extended this display to one on every joint. Then it became the fashion to wear several; and Aristophanes tells us that their foppery grew to such a pitch that they had their *weekly* rings; while Juvenal, in his "Satires," mentions rings, for summer and winter; but the Emperor, Heliogabalus went farther, for he never chose to wear the same ring twice.

When, however, it became the mode to adorn them with precious stones, the fashion of wearing rings on either hand, and every finger was abandoned; and no Pelham of the period would have adventured to defy the ordonnance of fashion which limited the display of them to the left hand.

Some ancient Roman finger-rings may be seen in the bronze room of Greek and Roman Antiquities in the British Museum. And in the Egyptian Gallery of the same institution is a very interesting one of gold, of the Ptolemaic or Roman period, with figures of the deities Serapis, Isis and Horus. Here are also several signets set with amulets or scarabæi (the sacred beetle), and others bearing the prenomen of Thothmes III., and Rameses VII. or IX., with iron ones of the Greek period.

The *barrows* of our Saxon forefathers, like the mummy cases of the East, have kept strange record for the living, of the manners and customs of the dead, and afford indubitable proof of the early use of this trinket in the British islands. The Romans tell us, that at the period of their invasions they found the inhabitants of Gaul and Britain wearing them on the fourth finger; and opaque rings of glass, with a thick border (commonly called adder stones), are still frequently found in the neighbourhood of ancient funeral monuments.

Rings were early worn as a part of the pontifical apparatus; and in the fourth Council of Toledo, held in 663, it was ordained that a Bishop, condemned by one Council, and found afterwards innocent by a second, should be restored by having the ring and staff returned to him. The ring being the symbol of the spiritual union subsisting between the Bishop and the Church.

From these functionaries, the custom passed to those *hinges* of the Papal government as the name implies, the Cardinals (from Cardo, a hinge), who wear it with the same significance.

The superb pontificial dresses displayed in the recent Exhibition, exhibited these rings on the gloved hands of the effigies of these ecclesiastics.

Kings were likewise invested with a ring at their coronations; and in the *Liber Regalis* preserved at Westminster, we find a form for hallowing the ring, before the Archbishop presented it to the Monarch, who was bidden to accept it as a sign of faith and sincerity in his desire for the welfare of the church, kingdom, etc.

Bishops were buried with a ring; and Mathew Paris, in describing the obsequies of Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, tells us that they clothed him in his robes, with his face uncovered, his mitre on his head, gloves on his hand, and a ring on his finger, with all the other ornaments belonging to his office.

Not that this rich toilet for the tomb was proper to pontiffs only. Princes and other great men were arrayed with corresponding splendour; and we find King Richard the Second commanding the dead body of Robert de Vere, Duke of Ireland, to be clad in princely garments, and to have a chain of gold, and rich rings put on his fingers. The royal ring (like the pontifical one) was undoubtedly mythical of the relation henceforth subsisting between the monarch and the kingdom, a solemn sign of espousal, possibly as old as Christianity itself.

Tertullian informs us that the wedding-ring, the "*Aanuli Sponsatilii*" of the Romans, was early introduced amongst the primitive Christians; and in certain pictures unburied at Pompeii, after an inhumation of seventeen hundred and sixty years, the female pictures were depicted wearing intagli or camei in rings of the Roman fashion, upon what is now called the wedding-finger.

We have no data as to the precise period when the custom was introduced amongst ourselves. Strutt tells us he finds no mention of the marriage ring in the Saxon era, except in the Polychronicon translated by Trevisa, who tells a story of a young man at Rome (in the time of Edward the Confessor), who, being at play on his wedding-day, "dyde place his spousyng rynge on the fynger of an ymage" of Venus, and could by no manner or means get it off; nay, at night the statue claimed him for her spouse; and the whole story is full of stony horror and absurdity, yet interesting as showing the superstitious charm supposed to reside in this sacred fillet.

From this belief in the binding nature of golden rings, we may trace their use as love-gifts, and the solemn breaking of them between contracted parties when forced to separate for any time—a custom frequently alluded to in ancient ballads, and which was supposed to act as a constraining talisman, bringing together again the faithful keepers of the several portions. Could some such faith have dictated the giving away of rings, on the occasion of a death, to the particular friends of the deceased—a fashion of a very ancient date amongst us?

Shakespeare bequeathes to his *fellows*, John Heminge, Richard Burbage (the original Richard III.), and Henry Condell, "twenty-six shilling and eight pence apiece, to buy them rings."

But these mystical ornaments have had other uses amongst us than at weddings and funerals; they were of force in magic, and of strange potency as healthful charms. According to Hospinian, the kings of England had anciently a custom of hallowing rings with much ceremony on Good Friday, the wearers of which, he informs us, were preserved from the falling sickness. He adds, that the custom took its rise from a ring which had long been preserved with great veneration in Westminster Abbey, who was supposed to be efficacious against cramp and epilepsy, when touched with those afflicted with them. The ring, which had been brought home from Jerusalem to King Edward, was one which he himself had long before given privately in alms to a poor person who had asked charity of him for the love he bore to St. John the Evangelist, a circumstance which implies whence its miraculous power was supposed to be derived.

Blessed rings, like blessed roses, were sometimes bestowed by the Roman Pontiffs, and were thought to be endowed with peculiar virtues for the wearers of them; thus William the Conqueror landed on our coast, wearing a ring hallowed by Pope Hildebrand, solemnly as his banner had been. And the gold ring presented to Sebastiano Ziani, on his defeat of the ships of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, by Pope Alexander, is said to have originated the singular custom and beautiful pageant of the wedding of the Doge of Venice to the Adriatic.

The Pope, on the return of the victors to Lido, hastened in person to see his benefactor, and acknowledge his debt of gratitude; and as soon as Ziani touched the shore, he placed on his hand a ring of gold (the antique Roman badge of power), exclaiming: "Take this ring, and with it take, on my authority, the sea as your subject. Every year, on the return of this happy day, you and your successors shall make known to all posterity, that the right of conquest has subjugated the Adriatic to Venice, as a spouse to her husband." And annually, on Ascension Day, through the long course of six hundred years, as long indeed as the Republic existed, the Venetians witnessed the figurative nuptials of the Doge with the mystic bride.

It is said that when Julius II. inquired of the Venetian ambassador where this grant of Pope Alexander was to be found, he was directed to look for it on the back of the donation of Constantine; but Marco Foscarini finds traces of the espousals of the Adriatic in Dandolo's Chronicle of the Dogeship of Pietro Urseolo II., towards the close of the tenth century. The description of the ceremony is so picturesque, that we cannot help repeating it: "The Doge and his *Clarissimi* having heard mass in the Church of San Nicolo, embarked on board the gorgeous Bucentaur, state galley, blazing with gold, enriched with costly ornaments, and preserving such fanciful identity with the original fabric, as could be obtained by perpetual repairs, without total reconstruction." Gliding through the still canals of the singular and beautiful city, between palaces hung with tapestry and garlanded with flowers, amid festive shouts and triumphal music—silver trumpets and embroidered banners evidencing on all occasions the presence of the Doge—"the superb pageant passed onward to the shores of Lido, near the mouth of the harbour, and then the princely bridegroom, dropping a gold ring into the bosom of his betrothed, espoused her with this brief but significant greeting —'We wed thee with this ring in token of our true and perpetual sovereignty!'"

"Alas for time, still more alas for change!"

The magnificent edifices of Venice still rise above the lagoons, and mirror their stateliness in these sleepy shallows; but the *greatness*, vaunting of perpetuity, through dust and ashes, to the ever-moving sea, is a dream—the very name of Doge, a word of the past, and the once powerful republic a figment of the Lombardo Venetian kingdom!

But to return to our subject; the last of the Tribunes, Rienzi Gabrini, caused himself to be presented with a hallowed ring by one of the Cardinals, in imitation of the ancient senators of Rome, and also perhaps with a superstitious belief that it would strengthen his alliance with the imperial city.

In the history of our own country, from the miraculous ring of Edward the Confessor, to comparatively modern times, this trinket in the hands of royalty has exercised strange power—now sanctioning dark deeds—now becoming a passport of safety, like that of Henry the Eighth in the hands of Bishop Crammer.

Nor must we forget the tragedy clinging to the ring which his daughter Elizabeth bestowed on Essex, as a warranty that in his utmost need he should have favour from her. This token of tenderness, the Earl, in his extremity, after his trial and condemnation, commissioned the wife of his worst enemy, the Countess of Nottingham, to deliver to the queen; but she, persuaded by her husband, retained it; and Elizabeth, exasperated by what she thought the contumacy of her favourite, signed his death warrant; nor knew of the effort he had made to claim her mercy, till the countess, on her death-bed revealed it to her. It is recorded that Elizabeth, in the violence of her passion, shook the dying lady, exclaiming: "That God might forgive her, but she never would." And as she herself henceforth refused all sustenance, and fell into the profoundest melancholy, this ring may indirectly be regarded as the instrument of her death.

Long previous to this reign, seal rings appear to have been in general use. Falstaff, at the tavern in Eastchap, affects to lose one which he says had belonged to his grandfather, and had cost forty marks. (Merry Wives of Windsor).

It was also customary to grave mottos within such as were given as souvenirs of love or friendship. Shakspeare alludes more than once to these posies, as they were called, and which (according to the apologetic expression he puts into the lips of Gratiano, on the loss of Nerissa's ring), it must have been the fashion to engrave on other articles also. "About a hoop of gold," exclaims the delinquent, "a paltry ring"—

"That she did give me, whose posy was
For all the world, like *Cutler's poetry*
Upon a knife, '*love me and leave me not*!'"

Jacques, too, in "As you Like it," observes to Orlando—

"You are full of pretty answers:
Have you not been acquainted
With Goldsmith's wives,
And conned them out of rings?"

The singular mode of distinguishing Aldermen by a ring on the thumb had not exploded in these days:

"When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not
An eagle's talons in the waist;
I could have crept into any Alderman's thumb-ring!"

exclaims the fat Knight, when railed at by the Prince on his personal appearance.

The serpent ring, which we frequently meet with in our own days, appears to have been one of the favourite forms of this ornament in antique times; we meet with it amongst the Egyptians and Romans, and it was also found on the hand of a skeleton at Pompeii, a relic of jewelry nearly two thousand years old. Porcelain and glass rings appear to have been greatly used by the poorer classes in Egypt; but even these are inscribed with hieroglyphics, and possibly answered the purpose of amulets—but gold, silver, bronze, iron, jaspar and cornelian, were in constant use.

We noticed, amongst the collection of Egyptian finger-rings in the Museum, one of the Roman period, set with a negro's head, excellently executed, and two of cornelian, with the sacred *frog*, in alto-relievo, on the tablet.

Shakespeare talks of a death's head in a ring; an unpleasant device, to say the least of it, though rings have sometimes been made vehicles, as well as symbols, of this consummation.

Hannibal, it is said, in terror of falling into the hands of his enemies, always carried poison in a ring, and by means of it, after his defeat and flight into Bithynia, disappointed the hopes of the Romans by destroying himself.

That such might have been the case, is clearly proved by the capabilities of the Russian lady's ring (mentioned in Thiebault's "Original Anecdotes of Frederic II."), which concealed a small syringe, and which she very offensively made use of as follows: While the French minister, M. de Guines, was astonishing the Court of Berlin with his grandeur he conferred on his legation (a circumstance extremely mortifying to men of the same rank, unable to keep pace with his profusion), a Russian ambassador, on his way to Petersburg with his newly-married wife, arrived at Berlin. The lot of presenting him at Court, etc., fell to the Prince Dolgorouki, who gave a splendid dinner to all the ambassadors, at which M. de Guines was placed by the side of the lady, who was aware of the existing rivalry, and anxious, it would seem, as there was no competing with him, to render him ridiculous. The ring alluded to was of great beauty and curious workmanship—circumstances to which she invited the French nobleman's attention during dinner; and while he was stooping down to examine it, she pressed a small spring, which was turned to the inside of her hand, and spouted the small quantity of water the syringe contained into his eyes. The latter laughed, rallied her with great good nature, wiped his face, and thought no more of it; but the lady again filled the syringe without his perceiving her, and (while pretending to wish to speak across him to some one near them) discharged its contents again in his face. The minister, without appearing the least angry or out of countenance, in a tone such as we use when we give a piece of friendly advice, observed, "These kind of jokes, madam, on the first experiment, may be laughed at; on the second, we may be inclined to consider them as the thoughtless act of youthful gayety, particularly in a *lady*; but, madam, the third time could be deemed nothing less than an affront, and you would at that very instant receive in exchange this goblet of water that stands before me: I have, madam, the honour to give you proper notice." But the lady, imagining he would not dare to execute his threat, filled her ring again, and, holding up the glittering engine, emptied it as before in the face of the ambassador, who instantly seized his goblet of water, and threw it over her, calmly observing, "I had given you notice, madam." The Russian husband took his share of the adventure by declaring that M. de Guines had done exactly what was right, and that he thanked him for it: and while the lady left the table to change her dress, her friends prevailed on the remainder of the company to keep the incident to themselves. It was M. Dinot de Jopecourt (says the writer) who communicated the circumstance to me *as a great secret*, on the evening of the day on which it happened.

In reading this anecdote, one scarcely knows which to be most surprised at, the childishness or the rudeness of the transaction. One thing, however, it proves, that poison could as readily be concealed in a ring as water, and especially the subtle poisons of antiquity and the East; the use to which Hannibal put his, therefore, becomes the less extraordinary, particularly when we remember his antipathy to the Romans, and his constant fear of falling into their hands. Of late years, the most curious use to which rings have been applied is in the cure of rheumatic disorders; and many persons continue to wear them of gold or silver galvanized, and affirm their conviction of being benefitted thereby.

We could adduce much more to prove the interest attached to our subject; but enough has been said to show how many elements of moral feeling are blended with the history of rings, and how, from the earliest ages, religion, power, fear, hope, love, friendship, have made these mystic circles their interpreters.

OUR VESTRY.

We have the glorious privilege of being always in hot water if we like. We are a shareholder in a Great Parochial British Joint Stock Bank of Balderdash. We have a Vestry in our borough, and can vote for a vestryman—might even *be* a vestryman, mayhap, if we were inspired by a lofty and noble ambition. Which we are not.

Our Vestry is a deliberative assembly of the utmost dignity and importance. Like the Senate of ancient Rome, its awful gravity overpowers (or ought to overpower) barbarian visitors. It sits in the Capitol (we mean in the capital building erected for it), chiefly on Saturdays, and shakes the earth to its centre with the echoes of its thundering eloquence, in a Sunday paper.

To get into this Vestry in the eminent capacity of Vestryman, gigantic efforts are made, and Herculean exertions used. It is made manifest to the dullest capacity at every election, that if we reject Snozzle we are done for, and that if we fail to bring in Blunderbooze at the top of the poll, we are unworthy of the dearest rights of Britons. Flaming placards are rife on all the dead walls in the borough, public-houses hang out banners, hackney-cabs burst into full-grown flowers of type, and everybody is, or should be, in a paroxysm of anxiety.

At these momentous crises of the national fate, we are much assisted in our deliberations by two eminent volunteers; one of whom subscibes himself A Fellow Parishioner, the other, A Rate-Payer. Who they are, or what they are, or where they are, nobody knows; but, whatever one asserts, the other contradicts. They are both voluminous writers, inditing more epistles than Lord Chesterfield in a single week; and the greater part of their feelings are too big for utterance in anything less than capital letters. They require the additional aid of whole rows of notes of admiration, like balloons, to point their generous indignation; and they sometimes communicate a crushing severity to stars. As thus:

MEN OF MOONEYMOUNT.

Is it, or is it not, a * * * to saddle the parish with a debt of £2,745 6*s.* 9*d.*, yet claim to be a RIGID ECONOMIST?

Is it, or is it not, a * * * to state as a fact what is proved to be *both a moral and a* PHYSICAL IMPOSSIBILITY?

Is it, or is it not, a * * * to call £2,745 6*s.* 9*d.* nothing; and nothing, something?

Do you, or do you *not* want a * * * * * TO REPRESENT YOU IN THE VESTRY?

Your consideration of these questions is recommended to you by A FELLOW PARISHIONER.

It was to this important public document that one of our first orators, MR. MAGG (of Little Winkling Street), adverted, when he opened the great debate of the fourteenth of November by saying, "Sir, I hold in my hand an anonymous slander"—and when the interruption, with which he was at that point assailed by the opposite faction, gave rise to that memorable discussion on a point of order which will ever be remembered with interest by constitutional assemblies. In the animated debate to which we refer, no fewer than thirty-seven gentlemen, many of them of great eminence, including MR. WIGSBY (of Chumbledon Square), were seen upon their legs at one time; and it was on the same great occasion that DOGGINSON—regarded in our Vestry as "a regular John Bull:" we believe, in consequence of his having always made up his mind on every subject without knowing anything about it—informed another gentleman of similar principles on the opposite side, that if he "cheek'd him," he would resort to the extreme measure of knocking his blessed head off.

This was a great occasion. But, our Vestry shines habitually. In asserting its own pre-eminence, for instance, it is very strong. On the least provocation, or on none, it will be clamorous to know whether it is to be "dictated to," or "trampled on," or "ridden over rough-shod." Its great watchword is Self-government. That is to say, supposing our Vestry to favour any little harmless disorder like Typhus Fever, and supposing the Government of the country to be, by any accident, in such ridiculous hands, as that any of its authorities should consider it a duty to object to Typhus Fever—obviously an unconstitutional objection—then, our Vestry cuts in with a terrible manifesto about Self-government, and claims its independent right to have as much Typhus Fever as pleases itself. Some absurd and dangerous persons have represented, on the other hand, that though our Vestry may be able to "beat the bounds" of its own parish, it may not be able to beat the bounds of its own diseases; which (say they) spread over the whole land, in an ever-expanding circle of waste, and misery, and death, and widowhood, and orphanage, and desolation. But, our Vestry makes short work of any such fellows as these.

It was our Vestry—pink of Vestries as it is—that in support of its favourite principle took the celebrated ground of denying the existence of the last pestilence that raged in England, when the pestilence was raging at the Vestry doors. Dogginson said it was plums; Mr. Wigsby (of Chumbledom Square) said it was oysters; Mr. Magg (of Little Winkling Street) said, amid great cheering, it was the newspapers. The noble indignation of our Vestry with that un-English institution the Board of Health, under those circumstances, yields one of the finest passages in its history. It wouldn't hear of rescue. Like Mr. Joseph Miller's Frenchman, it would be drowned and nobody should save it. Transported beyond grammar by its kindled ire, it spoke in unknown tongues, and vented unintelligible bellowings, more like an ancient oracle than the modern oracle it is admitted on all hands to be. Rare exigencies produce rare things: and even our Vestry, new hatched to the woful time, came forth a greater goose than ever.

But this, again, was a special occasion. Our Vestry, at more ordinary periods, demands its meed of praise.

Our Vestry is eminently parliamentary. Playing at Parliament is its favourite game. It is even regarded by some of its members as a chapel of ease to the House of Commons: a Little Go to be passed first. It has its strangers' gallery, and its reported debates (see the Sunday paper before-mentioned), and our Vestrymen are in and out of order, and on and off their legs, and above all are transcendantly quarrelsome, after the pattern of the real original.

Our Vestry being assembled, Mr. Magg never begs to trouble Mr. Wigsby with a simple inquiry. He knows better than that. Seeing the honourable gentleman, associated in their minds with Chumbledon Square, in his place, he wishes to ask that honourable gentleman what the intentions of himself, and those with whom he acts, may be, on the subject of the paving of the district known as Pigleum Buildings? Mr. Wigsby replies (with his eye on next Sunday's paper), that in reference to the question which has been put to him by the honourable gentleman opposite, he must take leave to say, that if that honourable gentleman had had the courtesy to give him notice of that question, he (Mr. Wigsby) would have consulted with his colleagues in reference to the advisability, in the present state of the discussions on the new paving-rate, of answering that question. But, as the honourable gentleman has NOT had the courtesy to give him notice of that question (great cheering from the Wigsby interest), he must decline to give the honourable gentleman the satisfaction he requires. Mr. Magg, instantly rising to retort, is received with loud cries of "Spoke!" from the Wigsby interest, and with cheers from the Magg side of the house. Moreover, five gentlemen rise to order, and one of them, in revenge for being taken no notice of, petrifies the assembly by moving that this Vestry do now adjourn; but, is persuaded to withdraw that awful proposal, in consideration of its tremendous consequences if persevered in. Mr. Magg, for the purpose of being heard, then begs to move, that you, Sir, do now pass to the order of the day; and takes that opportunity of saying, that if an honourable gentleman whom he has in his eye, and will not demean himself by more particularly naming (oh, oh, and cheers), supposes that he is to be put down by clamour, that honourable gentleman—however supported he may be, through thick and thin, by a Fellow Parishioner, with whom he is well acquainted (cheers and counter-cheers, Mr. Magg being invariably backed by the Rate-Payer)—will find himself mistaken. Upon this, twenty members of our Vestry speak in succession concerning what the two great men have meant, until it appears, after an hour and twenty minutes, that neither of them meant anything. Then our Vestry begins business.

We have said that, after the pattern of the real original, our Vestry, in playing at Parliament, is transcendantly quarrelsome. It enjoys a personal altercation above all things. Perhaps the most redoubtable case of this kind we have ever had—though we have had so many that it is difficult to decide—was that on which the last extreme solemnities passed between Mr. Tiddypot (of Gumtion House) and Captain Banger (of Wilderness Walk).

In an adjourned debate on the question whether water could be regarded in the light of a necessary of life; respecting which there were great differences of opinion, and many shades of sentiment; Mr. Tiddypot, in a powerful burst of eloquence against that hypothesis, frequently made use of the expression that such and such a rumour "had reached his ears." Captain Bangor, following him, and holding that, for purposes of ablution and refreshment, a pint of water per diem was necessary for every adult of the lower classes, and half a pint for every child, cast ridicule upon his address in a sparkling speech, and concluded by saying that instead of these rumours having reached the ears of the honourable gentleman, he rather thought the honourable gentleman's ears must have reached the rumours, in consequence of their well-known length. Mr. Tiddypot immediately rose, looked the honourable and gallant gentleman full in the face, and left the Vestry.

The excitement, at this moment painfully intense, was heightened to an acute degree when Captain Banger rose, and left the Vestry. After a few moments of profound silence—one of those breathless pauses never to be forgotten—Mr. Chib (of Tucket's Terrace, and the father of the Vestry) rose. He said that words and looks had passed in that assembly, replete with consequences which every feeling mind must deplore. Time pressed. The sword was drawn, and while he spoke the scabbard might be thrown away. He moved that those honourable gentlemen who had left the Vestry be recalled, and required to pledge themselves upon their honour that this affair should go no farther. The motion being by a general union of parties unanimously agreed to (for everybody wanted to have the belligerents there, instead of out of sight: which was no fun at all), Mr. Magg was deputed to recover Captain Banger, and Mr. Chib himself to go in search of Mr. Tiddypot. The Captain was found in a conspicuous position, surveying the passing omnibusses from the top step of the front-door immediately adjoining the beadle's box; Mr. Tiddypot made a desperate attempt at resistance, but was overpowered by Mr. Chib (a remarkably hale old gentleman of eighty-two), and brought back in safety.

Mr. Tiddypot and the Captain being restored to their places, and glaring on each other, were called upon by the chair to abondon all homicidal intentions, and give the Vestry an assurance that they did so. Mr. Tiddypot remained profoundly silent. The Captain likewise remained profoundly silent, saving that he was observed by those around him to fold his arms like Napoleon Buonaparte, and to snort in his breathing—actions but too expressive of gunpowder.

The most intense emotion now prevailed. Several members clustered in remonstrance round the Captain, and several round Mr. Tiddypot; but, both were obdurate. Mr. Chib then presented himself amid tremendous cheering, and said, that not to shrink from the discharge of his painful duty, he must now move that both honourable gentlemen be taken into custody by the beadle and conveyed to the nearest police-office, there to be held to bail. The union of parties still continuing, the motion was seconded by Mr. Wigsby—on all usual occasions Mr. Chib's opponent—and rapturously carried with only one dissentient voice. This was Dogginson's, who said from his place "Let 'em fight it out with fistes;" but whose coarse remark was received as it merited.

The beadle now advanced along the floor of the Vestry, and beckoned with his cocked hat to both members. Every breath was suspended. To say that a pin might have been heard to fall, would be feebly to express the all-absorbing interest and silence. Suddenly, enthusiastic cheering broke out from every side of the Vestry. Captain Banger had risen—being, in fact, pulled up by a friend on either side, and poked up by a friend behind.

The Captain said, in a deep determined voice, that he had every respect for that Vestry and every respect for that chair; that he also respected the honourable gentleman of Gumtion House; but, that he respected his honour more. Hereupon the Captain sat down, leaving the whole Vestry much affected. Mr. Tiddypot instantly rose, and was received with the same encouragement. He likewise said—and the exquisite art of this orator communicated to the observation an air of freshness and novelty—that he too had every respect for that chair. That he too respected the honourable and gallant gentleman of Wilderness Walk; but, that he too respected his honour more. "How's'ever," added the distinguished Vestryman, "if the honourable and gallant gentleman's honour is never more doubted or damaged than it is by me, he's all right." Captain Banger immediately started up again, and said that after those observations, involving as they did ample concession to his honour without compromising the honour of the honourable gentleman, he would be wanting in honour as well as in generosity, if he did not at once repudiate all intention of wounding the honour of the honourable gentleman, or saying anything dishonourable to his honourable feelings. These observations were repeatedly interrupted by bursts of cheers. Mr. Tiddypot retorted that he well knew the spirit of honour by which the honourable and gallant gentleman was so honourably animated, and that he accepted an honourable explanation, offered in a way that did him honour; but, he trusted that the Vestry would consider that his (Mr. Tiddypot's) honour had imperatively demanded of him that painful course which he had felt it due to his honour to adopt. The Captain and Mr. Tiddypot then touched their hats to one another across the Vestry, a great many times, and it is though that these proceedings (reported to the extent of several columns in next Sunday's paper) will bring them in as churchwardens next year.

All this was strictly after the pattern of the real original, and so are the whole of our Vestry's proceedings. In all their debates, they are laudably imitative of the windy and wordy slang of the real original, and of nothing that is better in it. They have headstrong party animosities, without any reference to the merits of questions; they tack a surprising amount of debate to a very little business; they set more store by forms than they do by substances: all very like the real original! It has been doubted in our borough whether our Vestry is of any utility; but our own conclusion is, that it is of the use to the Borough that a diminished mirror is to a painter, as enabling it to perceive in a small focus of absurdity all the surface defects of the real original. We wish our Vestry long life, therefore in continuing to play at Parliament. One of these days, when it gets a very good subject for the game, we may become, for the occasion, its faithful Hansard.—*Dickens' Household Words.*

Study wisdom, and you will reap pleasure.
Kindnesses, like grain, increase by sowing.

The Song of the Bowl

BY R. S. A.

With features wan and worn,
With nose of the grossest red,
A man there sat, like a drowsy bat,
Who lifted his maudlin head;
He sang this song of the bowl,
'Mid a ragged and wretched band,
And he drove a nail in his coffin lid
Each time he raised his hand.

Drink, drink, drink,
In the morning's rosy prime,
And drink, drink, drink,
In the murky midnight time:
It's O to be a dog,
Along with a tinker swart,
Than a senseless log, or a human hog,
With never a human heart.

Drink, drink, drink,
The wine-cup never flags;
And what are its wages? An aching heart,
And squalor, and mouldy rags.
Drink deep of the liquid fires,
In hollow and mindless mirth,
With rogue and knave, and the taproom slave,
And the vilest scum of earth.

O men, with children pale—
O men, with weeping wives—
O why, for a can of unholy ale,
Will you sacrifice their lives?
They play but a bastard's part,
Who swear each truth a lie,
Who crush with crime a trusting heart,
And leave it alone to die.

Drink, drink, drink,
O! how escape its thrall;
It runs amain through each burning vein,
And turns my blood to gall.
My eyes are dim with tears,
A furnace heats my breath;
And conscience whispers in my ears,
Thou'rt hastening, fool, to death.

But why do I talk of death,
That phantom of fleshless bone?
I might see a thousand shapes
More dreadful than his own.
The cells of my arid brain
Are parched in my burning head;
And countless sprites, through the livelong nights,
Are dancing round my bed.

'Mid darkling clouds I tread,
To my last accursed retreat;
There's a heaven above my head,
And a hell beneath my feet.
O ponder, pause, and pray,
Reflect, and pray, and think,
Ere your souls be snatched from the light of day
By the ruthless demon—Drink.

It's O but to breathe the breath
Of a purer atmosphere,
To escape from this moral death,
This prospect dark and drear.
It's O for the pleasant hours,
When I felt as a man should feel,
Ere alcohol had enslaved my soul
And made my senses reel

With features wan and worn,
With nose of the grossest red,
A man there sat, like a drowsy bat,
Who lifted his maudlin head—
'Mid a ragged and wretched band,
In a vile degraded sink,
He sang this song with a dismal wail;
Would that its tones could on all prevail
To banish the demon—Drink!

Ashton-under-Lyne, June, 1852.

—*Manchester (Eng.) Examiner and Times.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

When the Monthyon prize for Virtue came to be awarded, at a sitting of the French Academy last week, there was some little difficulty in maintaining the gravity of an assembly long used to such scenes, for it appeared that the last recipient of the prize was at that moment in prison, having been convicted of *felony!*

——The Lost Crown of Hungary.—The Emperor of Austria has promised an immense reward to any person who will recover the crown of Hungary, which disappeared during the revolution. He has promised a million of florins to those magnates who are suspected of being in correspondence with Kossuth if they will assist in the recovery of that crown.

——Alexander von Humboldt, who has accompanied the King of Prussia to the sea coast, surprises people by the bodily vigour which he displays in spite of an age of eighty three years. After walking and driving about for the greater part of the day, and partaking in all sorts of public festivities, he reads aloud in the evening to the royal party without showing signs of fatigue.

——A curious example has been lately given of that freemasonry which covers Ireland with an invisible and invincible network. A murder was committed in the open day on a Sunday, during the celebration of mass. The murderers, being pursued by the police, took refuge in the church. The chief of the police thought himself sure of being able to recognise them, as they were in their shirt sleeves, but when he entered the church he soon found himself compelled to abandon his search, as all the men had thrown off their coats; they were all in their shirt sleeves, and jeered at the police!

——A writer in the *Household Words* observes that tea, so common with us as to be almost a necessary of life, is yet looked upon as something curiously and wonderfully fashioned by our French neighbours. They serve tea with great solemnity, and disguise it with rum and cognac, after the manner of luxurious washerwomen. The reader may remember the famous history of the tea-party given by Madame Gibou to Madame Pochet, where tea was made in a saucepan, was seasoned with salt, vinegar, and spice, and finally, with a *petit bout de chandelle* or candle end!

——To the Editor of *The London Inquirer*.—*Sir*: As many of your readers may be stimulated by the perusal of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to act upon the suggestions of the Revs. E. Kell, H. Solly, and G. Armstrong, to work for the American Anti-Slavery Bazaar, it may aid their purpose to know that there are ladies in various towns beside Bristol, who will receive and transmit contributions to Boston. The following names are taken from an appeal on behalf of the Bazaar: Mrs. Hays, 8, Marlborough-buildings, Bath; Mrs. Harry Hunt, Edgbaston, Birmingham; Miss A. Knight, Chelmsford; Miss Furber, Cheltenham; Mrs. R. D. Webb, Dublin; Mrs. J. Wigham, Edinburgh; The Misses Davis, Evesham; Miss Russell, Wotton Lodge, Gloucester; Mrs. J. Lupton, Blenheim-square, Leeds; Mrs. Reid, 21, York-terrace, Regent's-park, London; Mrs. R. Gaskell, Warrington (removed to Rock Ferry, Liverpool); Miss Whitelegge, Abercrombie-place, Manchester; Mrs. W. Enfield, Nottingham; Mrs. Odgers, Plymouth; Miss Lettis, Yarmouth.

Contributions should be sent by the 25th of September.

One of the Collectors.

——Curious Revelations.—Mr. Mayhew, in his work, "London Labour and London Poor," gives an interesting account of the London "dog stealers, finders, and restorers." The trade was carried on to such an extent, that a few years ago it was brought before the House of Commons, from the report of a committee of which we learn that in one case a spaniel was sold for £150, and in another for £95. These animals were of the King Charles' breed. They first became fashionable in that monarch's reign: he was very fond of them, and allowed them undisturbed possession in the gilded chairs of his palace in Whitehall, and he seldom took his accustomed walk in the park without a tribe of them at his heels. It was proved by a witness examined by the committee, that thirty-six ladies and gentlemen paid £436 5*s.* 6*d.* to rescue their favourite dogs from professional stealers, on an average, per individual, or upwards of £12. Previously to the parliamentary inquiry, dog-stealing was not an indictable offence; but one old offender who stole a dog belonging to the Duke of Beaufort was transported, not for stealing the animal, but the collar. Mr. Fitzroy Kelly, the eminent barrister, had a favourite dog, and, as its capture by a stealer had given a great deal of trouble, owing to Mr. Kelly invariably returning to the Temple late at night, the thief, through the restorer, demanded £12 for it, a sum which Mr. Kelly would not give, but the animal was eventually restored to him for £6. It is calculated that £12,000 is yearly expended in the streets of London in the purchase of sporting dogs, and £9,100 a year in the purchase of fancy dogs; upwards of £13,000 for watercresses; and £14,570 for chickweed and turf for birds.

——Augustin on Slavery.—Augustin protested against treating slaves as things: "The Christian dare not regard a slave as his property, like a horse, or silver, although it may happen that a horse fetches a higher price than a slave, and still more, an article of furniture made of gold or silver. But, when a slave is better educated by thee, or led to the service of God, than he would be by him who wishes to take him from thee, I know not whether any one could venture to say that he may be thought of as little value as a cloak; for man must love his fellow-man as himself, since the Lord requires of him that he should love even his enemies." Many persons already felt and acknowledged that the relation of slaves, although its pressure would necessarily be relieved by the influence of the spirit of Christian love, was at variance with the general rights of man as called forth into clearer consciousness by Christianity—since man, if not fettered in his inward life by it, yet was hampered in the free development and use of all his powers for the Lord's service; for the apostles, though he says that Christianity imparts true inward freedom even to slaves, also advises, "If thou mayest be free, use it rather." Many persons were moved, by motives of piety, to give their freedom to slaves of good character, and allowed them to learn a trade, or fit themselves for monks or ecclesiastics. "I did not suppose," wrote the Abbot Isidorus, of Pelusium, when he was interceding for a slave with his master, "that any one who loves Christ, and who knows the grace by which we are all made free, could keep a slave in his possession."—*Neander's Memorials of Christian Life.*

——The Formation of Pearls.—These jewels of animal origin, so highly prized for their chaste beauty, are only the rejected or superabundant secretions of a shell-fish, consisting of concentrically disposed layers of animal matter and carbonate of lime. In most instances they are consequences of the attempts of irritated and uneasy mollusks to make the best of an unavoidable evil; for, rendered uncomfortable, their peace of mind and ease of body destroyed by some intruding and extraneous substance, a grain of sand perchance or atom of splintered shell, the creature incloses its tortur